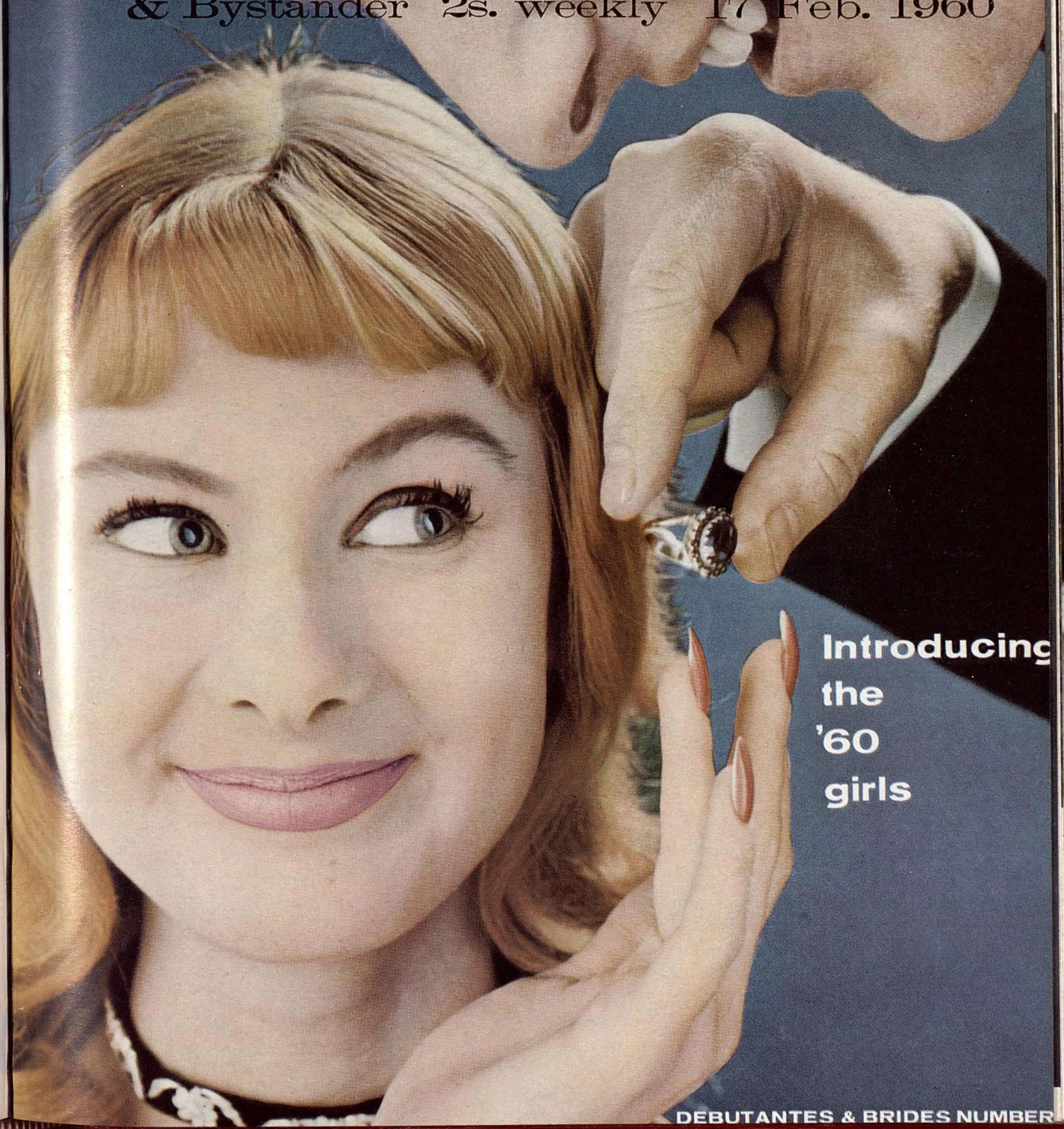




THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 17 Feb. 1960



Introducing
the
'60
girls



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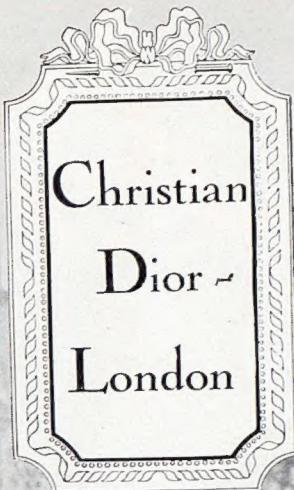
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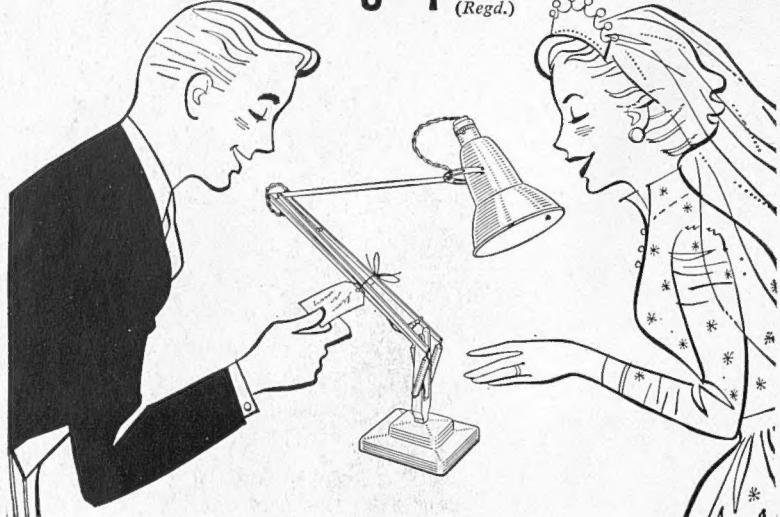
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MAX FACTOR

Fashion Harmony Chart

THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

THEY'LL have no Royal presentations but at least this season's débutantes will be able to remember their year as the one that launched the '60s. Ten of these decade girls are photographed in the COVER FEATURE, *Introducing the '60 girls*, which begins on page 273. The cover was photographed by Colin Sherborne. . . . A few straight words are addressed to social beginners on page 296 by Pamela Vandyke Price, who thinks that life is not what schooling leads you to expect. . . . More advice comes from the fashion pages (287-95), where David Olins's pictures and Monica Furlong's script tell a cautionary tale of *Once upon a season*. A few clothes shown are from the London Spring Collections. . . .

There is fashion for brides, too, on pages 300-2, where three outstanding bridal dresses worn at recent weddings are illustrated by Duthy Dubrule. See also pages 284-5. . . . Bridal gifts? *Counter Spy* on pages 298-9 concentrates on olden ones, as you might guess from *Gi on the gingerbread*. . . . Jean Cleland has some other ideas on page 309.

Lord Kilbracken, who is to write every week for *The Tatler*, has a most unexpected topic for his article *Casanova & Co.* (page 286). To avoid disappointment anybody who expects something to do with the social graces would do better to turn instead to page 281, where Ilse Gray reports four hostesses' tips for giving entertaining *The Individual Touch*.

Next week: The cult of the Cresta. . . .

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VOLUME CCXXXV NUMBER 3051 17 FEBRUARY 1960

Débutantes & Brides Number

GOING PLACES

Dates for débutantes
compiled by Susan Bennett

26 MAR. The Grand National, at Aintree
18 APR. International Motor Car Racing, at Goodwood
21-23 APR. Badminton Horse Trials
30 APR. Royal Academy Summer Exhibition
—14 AUG. (Private View, 29 April)
3 MAY Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, Grosvenor House
9 MAY First Royal Garden Party
12-14 MAY Royal Windsor Horse Show
16 MAY Royal Caledonian Ball, Grosvenor House
24 MAY Glyndebourne Festival Opera
—16 AUG.
25-27 MAY Chelsea Flower Show (Private View 24 May)
25-28 MAY Royal Ulster Agricultural Show, Balmoral, Belfast
27 MAY Pembroke College Eights Week Dance, Oxford
Keble College Summer Ball, Oxford
28 MAY Brasenose College Eights Week Dance, Oxford
1 JUNE The Derby
3 JUNE The Oaks
4 JUNE Fourth of June Celebrations at Eton
9-11 JUNE Royal Richmond Horse Show
11 JUNE Trooping the Colour
12 JUNE Queen's Cup (Polo) Finals, Windsor Park
13 JUNE Clare College May Ball, Cambridge
14 JUNE Pembroke College May Ball, Cambridge
Emmanuel College May Ball, Cambridge
14-17 JUNE Royal Ascot Race Week
15 JUNE Guards' Boat Club Ball, Maidenhead
20 JUNE Christ Church Commemoration Ball, Oxford
20 JUNE Queen's College Commemoration Ball, Oxford
20 JUNE All-England Lawn Tennis
—1 JULY Championships, Wimbledon
21 JUNE Jesus College Commemoration Ball, Oxford
22 JUNE Royal Tournament
—19 JULY
29 JUNE Henley Royal Regatta
—2 JULY
5-8 JULY Royal Show, Cambridge
14 JULY Second Royal Garden Party
15-16 JULY Game Fair, Castle Howard, Yorkshire
18-23 JULY International Horse Show, White City
19-21 JULY Peterborough Show
21 JULY Third Royal Garden Party
26-29 JULY Goodwood Races



30 JULY Cowes Week (Fireworks Night),
—16 AUG. 5 August)
2-6 AUG. Royal Dublin Horse Show
21 AUG. Edinburgh International Festival
—10 SEPT.
5-11 SEPT. Equestrian Events at Olympic Games, Rome
10 SEPT. The St. Leger, Doncaster
13 SEPT. Northern Meeting Ball, Inverness
20 SEPT. First Perth Hunt Ball
22 SEPT. Second Perth Hunt Ball

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GOING PLACES

continued

Tuscan trio

by DOONE BEAL

I WROTE last week of touring by car in Tuscany, and of the delights of casual travelling in the country, stopping for the night wherever you happen to be. This, however, is essentially a vagabond's pleasure, and—with its attendant problems of suitcase living—not to every taste.

There is something to be said for exploring the countryside from an urban base and the certainty of returning in the evening to a hot bath or shower and to food which, good though it is in the country *albergos*, achieves a degree of refinement and a far wider choice.

In all too brief a visit, Pisa was an omission which I hope to repair on a future occasion so I won't dwell on it, except to say that it is an obvious place to stay for a few days (especially if you fly there direct) and a good base from which to explore the Leonardo country of Prato, Pistoia and Lucca. Otherwise, the three main centres are Florence, Siena and Arezzo.

Florence is, of course, the biggest and easily the gayest. The combination of galleries and museums, restaurants and shops, eclipses in my own and many other opinions both Rome and Venice. Tours of the Uffizi, the Pitti Palace, the Church of San Spirito (among a lifetime of things to see) can well be interspersed with more Philistine pleasures—which, as any civilized Florentine will tell you, is as it should be. Nobody likes to have his city considered only as a living museum, and Florentines are also proud of their restaurants—such as Sabbatini and Bucco Mario.

Siena, perhaps the best preserved of all the larger towns, most nearly measures up to what the visitor expects of it. The stunning impact of its shell-shaped Piazza del Campo is astounding, no matter how well prepared for it you may be. Every narrow street of Siena coils around and drops into the great bowl of the Piazza—some of the most exquisite via a tumble of shallow steps bordered by flower stalls on either side.

Siena has fewer distractions from the serious business of exploring than Florence; and unlike Florence, it sleeps early. However, this does not entirely dispose of the problem of sightseeing. Technically it is possible in a day to see the Duomo, with its amazing floor; the primitives in the Pinacoteca; the Palazzo Pubblico, and the Accademia Musicale—still having left



The Palazzo Pubblico, Siena

nine-tenths of the city unseen, by the way—but it is not a good idea. Better to spend the morning on one of them (the Accademia Musicale is one of the most interesting of all), and then take the weight off your brain as well as your feet with a truly sybaritic lunch at Da Guido. Later, motor or walk outside the city walls in the countryside that inspired painters as no other landscape has done. And come back for more tomorrow.

I have left my own preference to the last. Maybe I liked Arezzo because it is in itself small, and one has some sensation of knowing it a little, even in a short time. At first sight it is not spectacular because it must inevitably be approached through the straggle of the new town which clusters at the foot of the old one. The "tighty scheduled"—bless them, and save the rest of us—visit Arezzo just to look at Piero Della Francesca's frescos, then speed on their way. And not all of them realize that so tragically fast are the frescos fading they *must* be seen by morning or midday light.

By comparison with its more illustrious neighbours, Arezzo rather waits to be discovered. It lies spread out like a fan on the hillside, and high in the apex of the fan is the Piazza Grande, built on a steep slope and surrounded by medieval buildings. It is one of the loveliest and most perfect of its kind, and is the setting of the Giostra del Saracino, a 14th-century knights' tournament, which is still performed, in the costume of the period, on the first Sundays of June and September. Backing on to the Piazza is the Church of Santa Maria Pieve, with Pietro Lorenzetti's flaming gold altarpiece.

Quite apart from what is in the town itself Arezzo is the centre of a rich cavalcade of its own. A few

miles to the south is Cortona, atop a twisting mountain road from whose summit is a great panorama of the Chianti hills. It was the birthplace of Lucca Signorelli, and the largest existing collection of his work, as well as an *Annunciation* by Angelico, are all in the Diocesan Museum.

Just north of Arezzo, at Borgo San Sepolcro, the Palazzo Comunale contains three more Della Francesca's, including the *Resurrection*. And whatever else you may not see in Tuscany, I beg you not to miss the Franciscan monastery which crowns the Holy Mountain, towering in a great peak between the valleys of the Arno and the Tiber. High, cold and remote, one looks down on the low mist snaking round the foothills, and it is worth visiting for this sight alone. However, the great treasure of the monastery is its collection of Della

Robbia's. It is interesting that Lucca Della Robbia first evolved the ceramic system in order to combat the ruinous damp which, even then, was eroding the painted frescos. Here the shining ceramics in all their white and blue glory are spread over some seven different chapels. A great many people come to see this particular feast, and I can only counsel you to get there in good time in the morning and to visit it in mid-week.

On the prosaic, but not unimportant level, I list some hotels in which I have been extremely comfortable: the new Graverini, in Arezzo (excellent food), and the Continentale in Florence. In Siena, the Excelsior and the Continentale are those most likely to yield a private bathroom in the season, but book in good time because Siena, gets the densest tourist traffic of all.



The quail makes a comeback

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

Quails were the favourite supper dish of King Edward VII, but until their reappearance last December at the *Reunion des Gourmets* banquet at the Charing Cross Hotel they have not been seen on British tables for over 20 years. Now they are being bred in this country, from Malay stock, in specially heated deep-litter houses. (Obviously they are bound to be expensive.) Information about them is available from C. S. Harper at 17 Charterhouse Street, London, E.C.1. Among restaurants where quails are sometimes served are Overtons, and the Caprice. At the Savoy they can be ordered in advance. Meanwhile, more prosaic poultry....

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. = Wise to book.

The **Chicken Fayre**, Marble Arch. One of the three large restaurants on the lower ground floor of Maison Lyons, it specializes in birds off the

spit. I still have to find a better roast duckling anywhere in London for anything like the same reasonable price. And that goes for the wines as well. Service is first class. **Chez Cleo**, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7. (FRE 4477.) C.S. A favourite of mine for some seven years, this restaurant has maintained the high standard with which it started. Its atmosphere is about as near to genuinely French as one can get without crossing the Channel. Two charming people, Bertha Myer and Georgette Coll, are still in charge: the *poulet basquaise* and other French provincial dishes are as good as ever. There is music, and members of the staff sing like larks above the Loire. It is an amusing place for dinner, or supper after the theatre. *W.B.*

Sher-e-Punjab, Dorset Street, Baker Street. (HUN 1135.) Many Indian restaurants are bare, functional or rather shabby. Not so this one. It is comfortable, charmingly got-up in a manner that makes pretty girls look their best. The dishes on its long menu are excellent and—again rare in a London Indian restaurant—there is sound advice on the strength of the various curries. Take your own bottle.

Brompton Grill, 243 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 8005.) C.S. This restaurant is not cheap but Mr. Karonais gives good value for money, and he has, deservedly, a long list of regular customers. Although grilled foods naturally feature in the menu, there are plenty of other dishes as well. *W.B.*

Chez Ciccio, 38 Kensington Church Street. (WES 2005.) *W.B.* This restaurant is well known far beyond the confines of Kensington. Its menu is international and its standard of cooking consistently good. It does sometimes get a bit too full for my liking, but that is not the fault of the management.

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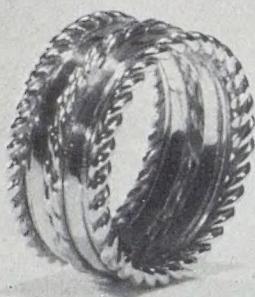
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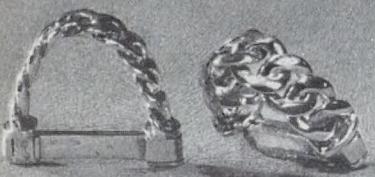
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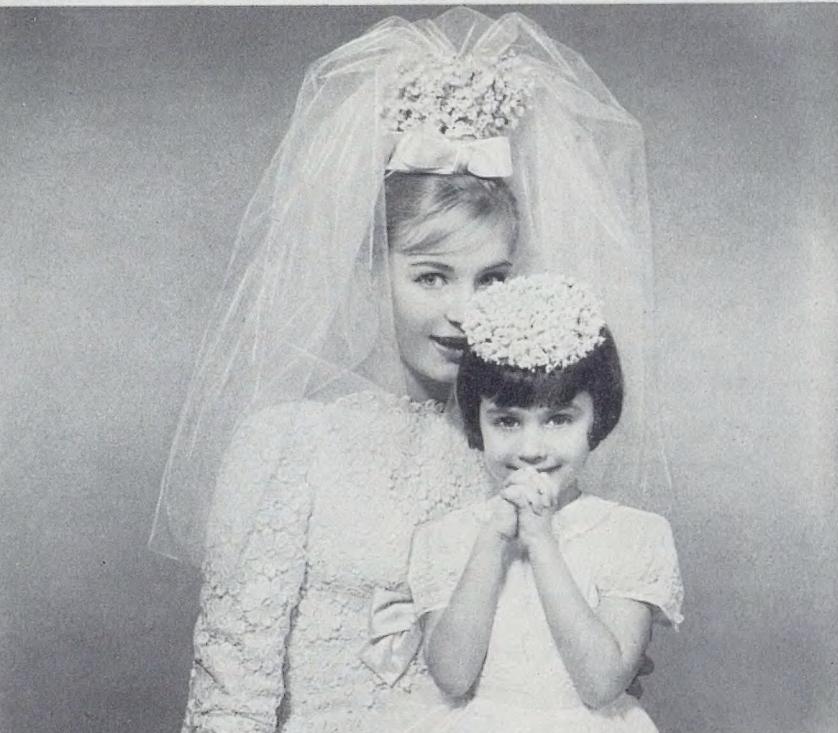


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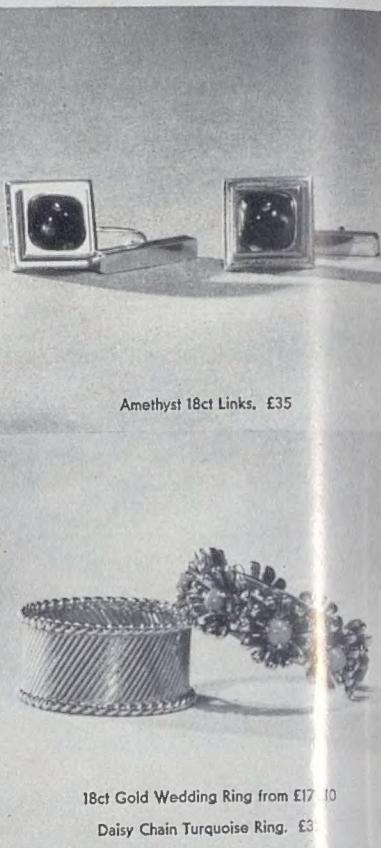
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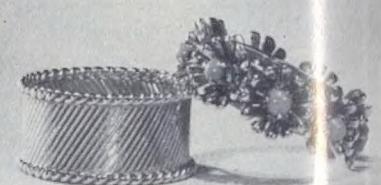
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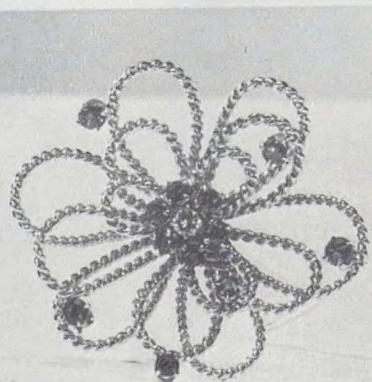
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Introducing the '60 girls . . .



Philip Townsend

Miss Teresa Buckingham is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Buckingham, of Chester Row, S.W.1. She will share a dance with Miss Vivien Lloyd at the Savoy on 25 May

For a season that launches a decade, these pictures preview a tensome of girls coming up for a launching of their own. The private parties for them and for other débutantes are also listed, beginning on page 277



Tom Hustler

Miss Charmian Scott is the younger daughter of Lord & Lady George Scott and a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester. Her mother, who paints as Molly Bishop, is giving a cocktail party for her in London on 15 March

Introducing the '60 girls *continued*



Tom Hustler

Miss Valerie McAlpine is the daughter of Mr. A. J. McAlpine and Mrs. Desmond Brooke-Hitching. Her mother is giving a dance for her at the Dorchester on 17 June



Tom Hustler

Miss Frances Skene (above) is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Skene, of Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Her mother is giving a dance for her at their home on 9 June.

Miss Nike Kent Taylor (right) is the daughter of Mrs. D. Kent Taylor, of The Little Boltons, Kensington, who is giving a dance for her at Hurlingham on 14 July



Philip Townsend

*Introducing
the '60 girls
continued*



Tom Hustler



Philip Townsend

Miss Williams-Wynne (above) is the daughter of Col. John Williams-Wynne, Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire, and Mrs. Middle daughter, Mrs. Walker-Wynne. She is sharing a dance at the Hall on 7 October with the Hon. Penelope Plowden, Lord & Lady Plowden, and Miss Deborah, daughter of the Minister of Health & Mrs. Mr. John Merton (left) is the daughter of Mr. Merton, the painter, & Mrs. Merton. Her elder sister (not shown) came out last year and is sharing a dance with her at Stubbings House, Maidenhead Thicket, home of Sir 2

DEBUTANTES' DANCES

A list of private parties for 1960

THURSDAY, 10 MARCH

Lady Birkin for Miss Jenny Birkin, at the Empress Club

TUESDAY, 19 APRIL

Mrs. Ian Wilson-Young (dinner dance) for Miss Hilly Wilson-Young, at the Dorchester

WEDNESDAY, 20 APRIL

Mrs. F. E. Vining for Miss Julia and Miss Clementine Vining, at Callaly Castle, Alnwick, Northumberland (kindly lent by Major & Mrs. A. S. C. Browne)

FRIDAY, 22 APRIL

Dorothea Lady Goodenough and Mrs. James Holford for Miss Mary Goodenough and Miss Elizabeth Anne Holford, at Hatherop Castle

SATURDAY, 23 APRIL

The Hon. Lady Stucley for Miss Sally Stucley

MONDAY, 25 APRIL

Mrs. David Knightly for her daughter Miss Gerry Fahnestock, at the Naval & Military Club, Piccadilly

THURSDAY, 28 APRIL

Mrs. L. E. Heaver for Miss Cherry Heaver at the Naval & Military Club

FRIDAY, 29 APRIL

Mrs. Michael Cory-Wright for her daughter Miss Sally Martin Smith, at Codicote Lodge, Hitchin, Hertfordshire

Mrs. R. A. B. Orlebar for Miss Lucy Orlebar, at Hinwick House

MONDAY, 2 MAY

Mrs. Peter Laycock for her daughter Miss Sarah Wilson, at the Ritz

TUESDAY, 10 MAY

Mrs. John Barclay, Mrs. D'Arcy Dawes and Mrs. Gilbert Inglefield for Miss Rebecca Barclay, Miss Hermione Dawes and Miss Albinia Inglefield, at the Ironmongers' Hall

WEDNESDAY, 11 MAY

The Hon. Mrs. Talbot for Miss Mary Talbot, at 6 Belgrave Square

THURSDAY, 12 MAY

Mrs. Ralph Donnithorne (Viking dance) for Miss Anthea Donnithorne, in Kensington

FRIDAY, 13 MAY

The Hon. Mrs. John Grimston for Miss Hermione Grimston, at Gorhambury

SATURDAY, 14 MAY

Mrs. George Pinney for Miss Julia Pinney, at Staplefield Court, Sussex

TUESDAY, 17 MAY

The Hon. Mrs. David Brand and Mrs. Alexander Malcolm for Miss Philippa Brand and Miss Alexandra Malcolm, at the Dorchester

WEDNESDAY, 18 MAY

Mrs. Cecil Playford for Miss Priscilla Playford, at 6 Belgrave Square

Mrs. F. W. Still (small dance) for Miss Sally Still, at 6 Hamilton Place

THURSDAY, 19 MAY

Mrs. W. L. Steele for her daughter Miss Wendy Ball, at 58 Pont Street

FRIDAY, 20 MAY

Mrs. H. L. W. Bird (dinner dance) for Miss Lavinia Bird, at the Savoy

SATURDAY, 21 MAY

Lady Burke for Miss Melanie Burke, at Ramster, Chiddingfold, Surrey

Mrs. John Colegrave for her daughter Miss Lee Sturgeon, at Wadhurst

Mrs. E. J. Lowes (small dance) for Miss Felicity-Anne Lowes, at Albourne Place, Sussex

TUESDAY, 24 MAY

Mrs. Harold Samuel for Miss Carole Samuel, at Claridge's

WEDNESDAY, 25 MAY

Mrs. Hugh Buckingham and Mrs. David Lloyd (small dance) for Miss Teresa Buckingham and Miss Vivien Lloyd, at the Savoy

THURSDAY, 26 MAY

Mrs. David Summers and Mrs. George Meyrick for Miss Anne Summers and Miss Caroline Meyrick, at Quaglino's

FRIDAY, 27 MAY

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Agar-Robartes and Mrs. S. V. Searight for Miss Ann Lloyd-Davies and Miss Ann Searight, at the Wentworth Golf Club

Mrs. W. H. Scott Adie (small dance) for Miss Anne Catriona Tait, at Stanbridge House, Staplefield, near Haywards Heath

SATURDAY, 28 MAY

Mrs. Bernard Maybury for Miss Sarah Maybury, at Weston Corbett House, near Basingstoke, Hampshire

Mrs. Denis Griffiths for Miss Carol Griffiths, at Orlingbury Hall, Northants

TUESDAY, 31 MAY

Mrs. John Clarke for her daughter Miss June Marsham-Townshend, at the Savoy

WEDNESDAY, 1 JUNE

Viscountess Lambton for the Hon. Lucinda Lambton, in London

THURSDAY, 2 JUNE

Lady Vincent and the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard for Miss Amanda Vincent and Miss Rosemary Hubbard, at Londonderry House

TUESDAY, 7 JUNE

Mrs. Hubert Raphael for Miss Sally Raphael, at the Dorchester

WEDNESDAY, 8 JUNE

Mrs. Peter Foster for Miss Ann Foster, at Claridge's

THURSDAY, 9 JUNE

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (small dance) for Miss Victoria Fairbanks, at The Boltons

Mrs. Robert Skene for Miss Frances Skene, at Sussex Place, Regent's Park

FRIDAY, 10 JUNE

Mrs. Cecil Feilden for Miss Victoria Feilden, at Bramdean House, Alresford, Hampshire

SATURDAY, 11 JUNE

Mrs. Kenneth Savill for Miss Pamela Savill, at Chilton Manor, Hampshire

continued overleaf

Introducing the '60 girls *continued*

Miss Victoria Fairbanks is the second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Her mother is giving a small dance for Victoria and her friends at their home in The Boltons, Kensington, on 9 June



Miss Sarah Rashleigh Belcher is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jack Rashleigh Belcher. She shares a dance with Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson and Miss Melanie Hadden at the London Zoo on 7 July



MONDAY, 13 JUNE

Mrs. Brian Gooch for Miss Jennifer Gooch, at 6 Belgrave Square

TUESDAY, 14 JUNE

Mrs. Samuel Soames (small dance) for Miss Mary and Miss Sarah Soames, at Greystones, Sunningdale, Berkshire

FRIDAY, 17 JUNE

*The Hon. Mrs. Henry Nelson for Miss Caroline Nelson in St. John's Wood
Mrs. John Merton for Miss Sarah and Miss Clarissa Merton, at
Stubbings House, Maidenhead Thicket, Berkshire*

Mrs. Desmond Brooke-Hitching for her daughter Miss Valerie McAlpine, at the Dorchester

SATURDAY, 18 JUNE

*Mrs. Rupert Wagner (small dance) for Miss Patricia Wagner, at
Sproutes, Coolham, Sussex*

*Mrs. Sidney Eaton for Miss Margaret Eaton, at Luddesdown Court,
near Cobham, Kent*

MONDAY, 20 JUNE

*Mrs. John Sheffield for Miss Diana Sheffield and for the coming-of-age
of Mr. Julian Sheffield, at Syon House, Brentford (kindly lent
by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland)*

TUESDAY, 21 JUNE

*Lady Aston, Mrs. Mervyn Vigors and Mrs. James Whetstone
for Miss Victoria Vigors and Miss Rebekah Whetstone, at Hampton
Court Palace*

**DEBUTANTE
DANCES**
continued

Miss Faith Wright is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Wright.

Her mother, who was M.P. for Bodmin from 1941 to 1945, is giving a dance for her on 19 July at 5 Carlton Gardens (home of Lord Bossom)



WEDNESDAY, 22 JUNE

rs. Robin Dunn for Miss Jennifer Dunn, at Hurlingham Club
rs. Oliver Sebag-Montefiore for Miss Alice Sebag-Montefiore, the Hyde Park Hotel

URSDAY, 23 JUNE

rs. Michael Baily and Mrs. Henry de B. Staveley-Hill
Miss Penelope Staveley-Hill, at Hampton Court Palace
rs. Godfrey Ralli for her stepdaughter Miss Louise Ralli and her niece Miss Angela Reeves, at the Hyde Park Hotel
American Débutante Ball, at Grosvenor House, organized by Countess Jellicoe

FRIDAY, 24 JUNE

Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid for Miss Sarah d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, at Somerhill, Tonbridge, Kent

SATURDAY, 25 JUNE

Mrs. Richard Cannon for Miss Julia Cannon, at Coombe Place, Lewes

MONDAY, 27 JUNE

Mrs. Archie Black and Mrs. William Dowding for Miss Sarah Black and Miss Camilla Dowding, at the Dorchester

TUESDAY, 28 JUNE

Mrs. Fyfe Duthie for her daughter Miss Sarah Tite, in London
Mrs. Michael Webster (small dance) for her daughter Miss Anne Bucknill, at The Vale, Windsor Forest, Buckinghamshire

WEDNESDAY, 29 JUNE

Lady Reckitt and Mrs. G. C. Maxwell for Miss Mary Maxwell and Miss Susan Maxwell, in London

Lady Horsman and Mrs. Charles Redman for Miss Catherine Horsman, Miss Alicia Horsman (Lady Horsman's niece) and Miss Judith Redman, at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead

THURSDAY, 30 JUNE

Capt. Ian Constable Maxwell and Mr. Paul Getty for Miss Jeannette Constable Maxwell, at Sutton Place, Guildford

Mrs. Robert Garnham (small dance) for her daughter

Miss Judith O'Halloran, in London

Mrs. J. Garthwaite for Miss Elizabeth Garthwaite, at Claridge's

Mrs. Max Niven for her niece Miss Denela Platt, in London

Mrs. Denis Ryland and Mrs. Arthur Mills for Miss Merrilees Ryland and Miss Belinda Mills, at the Wilderness Club, Seal, Kent

FRIDAY, 1 JULY

Mrs. Derek Wigan for Miss Sarah Wigan, at Drewitts, Warninglid

Mrs. Maurice Smith for Miss Janet Smith, at Four Winds, Bidborough, Kent

SATURDAY, 2 JULY

Mrs. Jack Woodroffe and Mrs. Harry Sporborg for Miss Miranda Woodroffe and Miss Prudence Sporborg, at Culver, Much Hadham, Hertfordshire

MONDAY, 4 JULY

Mrs. Lionel Phelps and Mrs. Juanita Turton for Miss Venetia Phelps and Miss Olivia Turton, at Stanstead Bury, near Ware, Hertfordshire

Mrs. Julian Huxtable and Mrs. Peter Stevens for Miss Judy Huxtable and Miss Judith Stevens, at 6 Hamilton Place

TUESDAY, 5 JULY

Lady Hélène Berry for Miss Caroline Berry, at Blackwell Hall, Chesham, Buckinghamshire

WEDNESDAY, 6 JULY

Mrs. A. J. Page for Miss Angela Page, at Hurlingham Club
Mme. Teixeira de Mattos for her daughter Miss Jane Harington, at Eaton Square

THURSDAY, 7 JULY

The Earl of Harrington and Mr. H. L. L. Morriss for Lady Jane Stanhope and Miss Amanda Morriss, at Cliveden River Pavilion (kindly lent by Viscount Astor)

Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson, Mrs. Jack Rashleigh Belcher and Mrs. John Hadden for Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson, Miss Sara Rashleigh Belcher and Miss Melanie Hadden, at the Zoo

FRIDAY, 8 JULY

The Countess of Birkenhead for Lady Juliet Smith, at Hackwood Park, home of her grandmother, Viscountess Camrose

Mrs. Peter Hughes for Miss Penelope Hughes, at Furneaux Pelham Hall, Buntingford, Hertfordshire

Lady Anne Thorne and Miss Diana Thorne (small dance) for their niece Miss Cherry Wigram, in London

Mrs. Anthony Fisher for Miss Linda Fisher, at Newplace, Framfield

Mr. John Cropley for Miss Caroline Anne and Miss Annabelle Cropley, at Lords, Sheldwich, near Faversham, Kent

SATURDAY, 9 JULY

Mrs. Derek Butler Adams and Mrs. Anne Dupree for Miss Zara Butler Adams and Miss Sally Dupree, and for the coming-of-age of Mr. David Butler Adams, at Great Cozens, Ware, Hertfordshire

Mrs. George Stephens for Miss Julia Stephens (who came out last year) and for the coming-of-age of Mr. Peter Stephens, at Shaw Park, Plumpton, Sussex

Mrs. Paul Adorian for Miss Janet Adorian, at The Mill House, Billingshurst, Sussex

MONDAY, 11 JULY

Lady Rhidian Crichton-Stuart and Mrs. Gerald Hamilton (small dance) for Miss Margot Crichton-Stuart and Miss Sarah Hamilton, in London

TUESDAY, 12 JULY

Lady Cross (small dance) for Miss Karina Cross

Mrs. John Gommes for Miss Odile Gommes

Mrs. Peter Barrow and Mrs. Noel McGregor for their daughters Miss Juliet Astley-Cooper and Miss Virginia McGregor, in London

THURSDAY, 14 JULY

Mrs. Kent Taylor for Miss Nike Kent Taylor at Hurlingham Club

FRIDAY, 15 JULY

Mrs. Thomas Abel Smith for Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, at Woodhall Park, Hertford

Mrs. George Raikes and Mrs. Anthony Brooke for Miss Jane Raikes and Miss Angela Brooke, at The Ridge, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex

SATURDAY, 16 JULY

Mrs. Robin Doyne for her daughters Miss Patricia and Miss Primrose Butler, in Somerset

continued overleaf

Duncan, at Town Place, Seaynes Hill, Sussex

Mrs. John Weller-Poley and Mrs. Dermot Musker for their daughters Miss Tessa Loveday and Miss Belinda Musker, at Boxted Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk

Mrs. F. Le Hunte Anderson (small dance) for Miss Carola Anderson, in the country

MONDAY, 18 JULY

The Hon. Mrs. Koppel and Mrs. Terance Harman (small dance) for Miss Susan Koppel and Miss Victoria Harman, at Egerton Crescent

TUESDAY, 19 JULY

Mrs. Paul Wright for Miss Faith Wright, at 5 Carlton Gardens (kindly lent by Lord Bossom)

WEDNESDAY, 20 JULY

Mrs. Acquin Martin for Miss Kristina Martin, at Claridge's

THURSDAY, 21 JULY

Mrs. Charles Sloan and Mrs. Neil Heneage (small dance) for Miss Vanessa Sloan and Miss Jenifer Heneage, at Cheyne Walk

FRIDAY, 22 JULY

Lady Upjohn and Mrs. Jameson-Till for Miss Fiona Thomas-Lucas and Miss Susan Jameson-Till, in the country

Mrs. Hesketh-Prichard for Miss Cicely

Hesketh-Prichard, at Serge Hill, near Abbots Langley, Hertfordshire

Mrs. P. L. Waddell for Miss Carol Ann Waddell, at Upper Jordan, Worplesdon, Surrey

SATURDAY, 23 JULY

Mrs. Christopher Dawnay for Miss Gillian Dawnay, at Longparish House, Andover, Hampshire

Mrs. Ralph Turton for Miss Harriet Turton, at Kildale Hall, Yorkshire

FRIDAY, 29 JULY

Mrs. Frank Byers for Miss Elizabeth Byers,

at Blindley Heath, near Lingfield, Surrey

Mrs. Cruddas and Mrs. John Eyre for Miss Sarah Cruddas and Miss Jane and Miss Alison Eyre, at Springfield House, Nunney, Somerset

Mrs. S. N. Embiricos for her sister Miss Jennifer Harrison, at Wephurst Park, Wisborough Green, Sussex

Mrs. N. G. Duckett for Miss Margaret Duckett

SATURDAY, 30 JULY

Lady Rebbeck for Miss José Rebbeck, in the country

Mrs. Anthony Burke for her daughter Miss Carole Pilkington, in Ireland

TUESDAY, 9 AUGUST

Mrs. R. Gwynne Lawrence for Miss Annabel Lawrence, at Westover, Calbourne, Isle of Wight

SATURDAY, 13 AUGUST

Lady (Robert) Ropner for her daughter Miss Rosalie Hays, at Camp Hill, Kirklington, near Bedale, Yorkshire

FRIDAY, 19 AUGUST

Mrs. John Straker for Miss Susan Straker, at Stagshaw House, Corbridge, Northumberland

TUESDAY, 23 AUGUST

Mrs. Wallace of Candacraig for Miss Harriet Wallace, at Candacraig, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire

SATURDAY, 27 AUGUST

Mrs. Struan Robertson and Mrs. Stafford Howard for Miss Karin Robertson and Miss Amanda Howard, at Greystoke Castle

THURSDAY, 1 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Urquhart of Craigston for Miss Sara Urquhart, at Craigston Castle

FRIDAY, 2 SEPTEMBER

Lady MacAndrew for the Hon. Mary MacAndrew, in Ayrshire

MONDAY, 5 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Cameron of Lochiel for Miss Anne Cameron, at Achnacarry, Spean Bridge, Inverness

SATURDAY, 10 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. P. D. Stirling and Mrs. Hubert Elliot for Mrs. Elliot's twin daughters Miss Clavannis and Miss Miranda Catheart, in Scotland

MONDAY, 12 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. R. G. Pollok-McCall for Miss Camilla Pollok-McCall, at Kindeace, Delny, Ross-shire

FRIDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER

Lady Lovat for the Hon. Tessa Fraser and for the coming-of-age of the Master of Lovat, in Inverness

SATURDAY, 17 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Mackay-James for Miss Susanah Mackay-James, at Glencruitten, by Oban

WEDNESDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Douglas Collins for Miss Susy Collins, in London

THURSDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. F. Kraus and Mrs. S. Kremer (small dance) for Miss Susan Kraus and Miss Susan Kremer, in London

FRIDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Harold Gregson (small dance) for her daughter Miss Vanessa Clarke, at Broad Oak Lodge, Brenchley, Kent

SATURDAY, 1 OCTOBER

Lady Wynford (small dance) for the Hon. Caroline Best, at Wynford House, Maiden Newton, Dorset

TUESDAY, 4 OCTOBER

Mrs. J. L. Elson-Rees for Miss Sally Elson-Rees, at 6 Hamilton Place

WEDNESDAY, 5 OCTOBER

Mrs. Jocelyn Gibb for her twin daughters Miss Alison and Miss Jean Gibb, in London

Mrs. Anthony Wrightson (small dance) for Miss Priscilla Wrightson

THURSDAY, 6 OCTOBER

Mrs. M. Godwin-Williams for Miss Annette Godwin-Williams, at 6 Belgrave Square

FRIDAY, 7 OCTOBER

Lady Plowden, Mrs. Derek Walker-Smith and Mrs. John Williams-Wynne, for the Hon. Penelope Plowden, Miss Deborah Walker-Smith, and Miss Merry Williams-Wynne, at Middle Temple Hall

WEDNESDAY, 12 OCTOBER

Mrs. Michael Callender (small dance) for Miss Sara Callender, in London

WEDNESDAY, 19 OCTOBER

Mrs. L. Crawford Robertson (small dance) for Miss Sarah Robertson, in London

WEDNESDAY, 26 OCTOBER

Mrs. Gerard de Winton (small dance) for her daughter Miss Davina Wallace, in London

MONDAY, 31 OCTOBER

Mrs. John Lade for Miss Jennifer Lade, at Yaldham Manor, Kemsing

WEDNESDAY, 9 NOVEMBER

Mrs. Anthony Hunter for Miss Carolyn Hunter and for the coming-of-age of Miss Sally Hunter, at the Hyde Park Hotel

concluded on page 297

BRIGGS by Graham



At Home

with the individual touch



*As the season approaches,
four hostesses with a flair for entertaining
give their own priorities
for a party that never drags*

COOKING comes first, according to the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor. She does her own, and even on the occasion of the 350-guest coming-out dance of her eldest daughter Julia she was helped only by her Italian maid and her housekeeper. The dinner consisted of iced curry soup (her speciality), six Virginia baked hams, 32 boiling chickens, 14 different salads, and Italian ice-cream. For a smaller party ("40 or so") her basic pattern is one hot dish to start with, followed by cold dishes, which she prepares two days in advance. For an ordinary dinner party she considers 12 a good number (..."after all, there are seven of us—my husband, three daughters, two sons and myself"). At Stonor Park, near Henley—she is seen there with son ~~about~~—the kitchen table is 16th century, and four enormous meat hooks from the ceiling now hold rosemary, tarragon, tansy, apple mint and thyme grown in the gardens



SIMPLICITY is what Lady Edith Foxwell goes for. She prefers a three-course dinner with a few really good dishes to something more elaborate involving endless changing of plates. Her table is laid simply—four silver candlesticks, and a silver centrepiece usually with red roses. She and her husband (film producer Ivan Foxwell) entertain at their Chester Square house once or twice a week, usually about 12 people to dinner. She chooses guests with different interests but similar capacity for mixing. The same goes for children's parties (her favourites), where a few who don't want to join in can spoil things. At parties for her four-year-old daughter, Atalanta (*left*), she keeps the children constantly amused and occupied ("*lots of games, a pretty tea-table and an entertainment after tea. One mustn't flag for a minute*"). She makes all the arrangements herself, likes colourful food

At Home *continued*



FLOWERS make such a difference in giving an inviting look to a room, says the Hon. Lady Gamage (*opposite*). She is so good with them that last year she was asked to do an arrangement for an English dinner table at the F.B.I. exhibition in Copenhagen. Her method: "I build an arrangement round whatever happens to be available and in season." Her entertaining varies from luncheon and dinner parties at her Arlington House flat, to cocktail parties at Claridge's and house-parties at Ascot. She prefers to mix nationalities ("*people make the mistake of thinking Australians want to meet other Australians when they'd probably much rather meet, say, Americans with similar interests*") and has plenty of opportunity to do so. Travel and her husband's wide-ranging business (Sir Leslie is chairman and managing director of G.E.C.) have given them many overseas friends

PLANNING does the trick, if you ask Lady Mancroft. "Successful parties like good speeches, don't just happen by themselves," she says. "They have to be carefully organized." At her desk in their Montagu Square house she keeps a book with notes on each dinner party—guests, menu, flower and table decorations, and what she wore. Her idea is to avoid repetition ("*but it doesn't mean I have a new dress for each occasion*"). Some people find elaborate entertaining old-fashioned, but Lady Mancroft feels that it is a compliment to guests, and fun, too, as long as one has the space and staff—she has an excellent cook and butler. She usually invites about 14 people, as many as her table can take, and she chooses them on the principle that "if you mix intelligent people, you can't really go wrong." This year she is bringing out her eldest daughter, Venetia Quarry





Miss Elizabeth Jane Tilney, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Tilney, was the bride of Mr. Thomas King at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She was photographed at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel with her bridesmaid Bridget Clark, niece of the bridegroom. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. King of Langford, Somerset

Letty Swaab



BRIDES

Miss Victoria Elliot, daughter of Mr. Alexander & Lady Ann Elliot, was the bride of Lt. John Hunter, R.N. (left) at Chelsea Old Church. The son of Mr. & Mrs. Max Hunter of South Woodford, he is serving in a minesweeper, a model of which surmounted the wedding cake at the Hyde Park Hotel reception. With the couple is the best man, Lt. M. J. Howitt, R.N.



Viscountess Stormont, whose husband is son and heir of the Earl of Mansfield



Miss Aphra Farquhar Fetherstonhaugh, daughter of Cdr. & Mrs. George Fetherstonhaugh, was the bride of the Earl of Dundonald at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The sword worn by an ancestor of his, Admiral Lord Cochrane, when he liberated Chile in 1820, was used to cut the cake at the reception, held at the Savoy. The bridesmaids and pages wore costumes of that period. Lord Dundonald is the son of the late the Hon. Douglas Cochrane and of the Hon. Mrs. Cochrane, of Hawkhurst, Kent



Five of the attendants at the Fetherstonhaugh—Dundonald wedding: Nicolette Essington-Boulton, Lord Hervey of Ickworth, Alexander Redgrave, Charles Bucknall, and Paris Hutton. Above right: Mr. Sebastian Santa-Cruz, son of Chile's Ambassador, and Miss Scarlett Fetherstonhaugh, the bride's cousin. Right: Lady Jessel, Sir George Jessel, Bt., and the Hon. Mrs. Essington-Boulton, whose daughter was one of the bridesmaids



Casanova and Co.

L O R D K I L B R A C K E N

FOR ME the three most interesting annual events at Ballsbridge, the headquarters of the Royal Dublin Society in the city's brickly but leafy suburbs, are the Horse Show (in August), the Spring Show (in early May) and the Bull Show (next week).

I suppose this might be disputed by the legions of hippophiles, who would include the yearling sales at the expense of the Bull Show—and even by the cynophiles, in view of the famous Dog Show on St. Patrick's Day each year. (It is principally famous as being just about the only place in Dublin where you can get a legal drink that day.) As a partygoer, I might agree with either group. As a breeder of purebred cattle, I must beg to differ.

Moreover, of the trio I've nominated, the Bull Show, though the least social and glamorous, is for me the most important. It's *business* and no nonsense about it. Everyone knows about the Horse Show, with its gaggles—or do I mean giggles?—of delectable debs, its cohorts of debs' delights and all that bread-throwing at the hunt balls. The Spring Show, likewise, is mainly an occasion for ridiculous dresses and worse conversation, though there are some cows and heifers in the background.

The Bull Show is different, with tweeds and brogues (of both kinds) very much in evidence, and debs, if any, in heavy disguise. No one can be smart, or make *any* conversation, in the black February rains, and cattle somehow can't help being more commercial than horses. If you go it can only be that you have a financial interest in bulls, unless you are very much in love with one of their owners. *I go to make money.*

It's the gamble of it that appeals to me. Killegar Casanova and Killegar Don Juan are my entries this year. Cass, as the men call him, is a Hereford, and Don is a Dairy Shorthorn. Cass is out of Spinster, a most insulting name for a cow, by Broomstreet Monarch, and Don is out of Pansy by Illington Lord on the A.I. They are both May calves, and if either were refused a licence, which is the most dreadful thought, he would be worth perhaps £50 for beef, about half what he has cost me.

(Unless, of course, I could arouse the interest and compassion of Mr. Noel Whitcomb. Hundreds of young bulls are refused licences annually, and subsequently slaughtered; I have never understood how

the clever owner of the-bull-who-was-born-too-beautiful managed to evoke such sympathy.)

If, on the other hand, Don or Cass won the supreme championship—which I have to admit is, alas, completely out of the question—he could make a hundred times as much if the right buyers from Kansas City or Dallas happened to be at the ringside. Champion or potential steer, those delightful moments of agonizing suspense will soon come along—next Wednesday, to be precise—when the two bulls, having been duly judged in their classes, and with or without a splendid aggregation of rosettes and/or premiums, will be led into the sale ring. And no one can have any idea what they will fetch.

Whatever the judges—and, more important, the bidders—may think of their breeding, conformation, shape, size and colour, I do not think they can be faulted on the score of nomenclature. I find that many breeders are unimaginative when it comes to names. The proper thing to do, I've noticed—if you are a very serious breeder—is to allot successive letters of the alphabet to each succeeding year, and choose names which start with the allotted letter for each year's crop of calves.

This is orderly and useful, because you know at once how old each bull is. But consider the case of someone like Lord Brocket, who in 1957 (the last year for which I happen to have the Hereford Herd Book) had to find 30 suitable names, all beginning with *P*.

Some were excellent: Brocket Pegasus, Brocket Pirate, Brocket Pimpernel, Brocket Palladian. All those sound dashing and rakish. But slowly, by way of Pageant, Prince, Perfection and Pinnacle, he began to run out. If I were a bull, I would not thank my human godparents for calling me Brocket Ponderous, Brocket Polygon, Brocket Pakistan (not that I have anything against Pakistan as a country) or—the final blow!—Brocket Postman.

And I wish I knew what happened the following year, when he reached *Q*. Is there a Quixote? A Quasimodo? A Quensberry? A Quarterdeck? A Quatermass? But then what? Is there a Brocket Quadragesima?

I'm far less regimented—and far less successful. I decided, when I began to breed a few purebreds (a *very* few), that I

would call the Shorthorns after Shakespeare characters and the Herefords after Biblical characters. The only exception, until this year, was a Shorthorn heifer calf who was given the name of Naomi in my absence, by an employee who was not too well acquainted with Shakespeare, and who was under the impression that there was a Naomi in *The Merchant Of Venice*. (He must have been thinking of Nerissa.)

My resident Hereford bull is, naturally, Killegar Adam, and my senior cow is Eve. I have a young bull calf named Solomon who should have even more concubines in his time than his fortunate Biblical namesake. When it came to the Shorthorns, I soon ran into a snag: there are surprisingly few really suitable Shakespeare characters, especially female ones. Cordelia, Ophelia, Desdemona and Olivia, for example, are all *out*; so, probably, is Cleopatra, and I wouldn't much care for Goneril and Regan. I could never call a bull Hamlet, for fear that he would advise his playmates to get them to a nunnery. (There is a nunnery, too, with a fine herd of Shorthorns, in Killeshandra, only five miles away.)

So far, beside the misnamed Naomi, I have a Rosalind, a Juliet (perhaps unwisely) and a Miranda; on my short list for new arrivals are Cressida, Katharina, Titania and Lucrece, for heifers; Prospero, Iago, Paris and King Lear for bulls.

How, you may well ask, do Casanova and Don Juan fit into all this? The explanation is simple. At the Bull Show a year ago, which was the first at which I'd exhibited, my only entrant was a fine red-roan calf called Killegar Romeo. He won a Highly Commended and fetched a useful price: 160 gns. I communicated this news to an American friend of mine, Orin Tovrov, who lives on Cape Cod, and who takes a special interest in Killegar affairs.

He wrote back to congratulate me on the success and the choice of name. Then he added that if I was naming my bulls after the great lovers of history, the three I was hoping to have for this year's show should be Killegar Casanova, Killegar Don Juan, and, for reasons not immediately apparent, Killegar John Godley. I followed his advice; unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, my cows showed a marked tendency to produce female progeny, and only two bull calves arrived in time.



“Once upon A Season...”

A MORAL TALE

*with cautionary overtones
directed to debs and their mums*
Written by

MONICA FURLONG

with photographs by

DAVID OLINS

and featuring clothes from



THE LONDON COLLECTIONS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Honoría

A former Deb of the Year (so she knows all the pitfalls). Determined to chaperone her niece safely past all fortune hunters

Freddie

Husband to Honoría, suave, immaculate, unflappable. Doyen of the younger diplomatic set and a valued frequenter of White's and the Turf

Penelope

Niece to Honoría. Gay to the point of light-headedness. Already more than half in love though the season has scarcely begun

Nicholas

Admittedly a bit of a mystery. Not on the Debs' Mums' List (or any other). Spends far too much time with Penelope—says Honoría



“Penelope really is too bad. You see she has that young man with her again . . . like mother like daughter, I suppose—you remember Emily’s affaire with that impossible Brazilian. Penelope seems to have the same unfortunate flair for picking up stray young men. I mean, who knows him, and where does the money come from? Advertising, probably, or something not very nice. Anyway he isn’t listed anywhere, I did check that. Heavens! Look at her now, lobsters, strawberries and champagne, she’ll be hiccuping all through Deirdre’s tea this afternoon. No, really Freddie, this is too trying, I shall have to speak to Penelope. There she is, positively ogling that dreadful young man and when I introduced her to the Ambassador’s son last night all she could do was correct his views on *musique concrète*. ”

“Once upon A Season...” *continued*

Honoria (above) wears an elegant suit in dark grey and white tweed by Michael with the longer jacket that is characteristic of the London collections. Her jacket has a softly incurving line at the front and is casually buttoned only at the top—a feature of Michael’s collection—to show a vivid blue and red silk blouse. The skirt is slightly puffed over the hips by partially open pleats softly folded away to either side. Michael also designed the close-fitting white felt cloche. The twisted gold-plated brooch, 2½ gns., and stud ear-rings 27s. 6d., both come from Paris House, 41 South Molton Street, W.1

Penelope (opposite) wears a John Cavanagh suit of soft, feather-weight tweed by Otterburn Mills in a mixture of pale grey and white. Its lightness and simple line are typical of the femininity of the clothes for spring 1960. The jacket is double-breasted with a rolled collar set away from the neck and elbow-length sleeves. The skirt is springily pleated from the waist. Reed Crawford designed the tall-crowned, small-brimmed hat exclusively for John Cavanagh. Gold-plated brooch, 2½ gns., and slim link bracelet, 37s. 6d., from Paris House. White cast-iron table and wirework chairs from Elizabeth Eaton





“‘That’s not the point, Freddie. I know he said he would be playing at Smith’s Lawn this afternoon, that’s why I had you drive me over from Henley to check. And I admit he plays quite decently but after all it doesn’t prove anything, the most awful people can play polo. Of course Penelope’s hopelessly infatuated, positively drools every time he thunders past on that silly horse. Don’t mumble, Freddie, of course I know they call them ponies but it’s a horse to me. Couldn’t you get him talking then pump him gently about his background? I mean that’s what you diplomats are for when you’re not roaring around severing relations and declaring war. Anyway I’m sure he has an accent, I’m never wrong about voices.”

“Once upon A Season...”^{continued}

Honorina (above) wears a simple dress and jacket in green and white pure silk designed by John Cavanagh whose collection favoured green in all shades as well as a range of other spring-like colours. The finger-tip, collarless jacket has the elbow-length sleeves seen throughout his collection. The dress falls dead straight but the front is caught in at the waist by a half-belt. Honorina’s tall hat in olive-green swathed tulle has the high crown and small brim noted in all Reed Crawford’s models made exclusively for Cavanagh

Penelope (opposite) wears a casual dress by Ronald Paterson. The material—brilliant turquoise shantung—is in keeping with the profusion of delicate silks, chiffons and shantungs used with success this year for a good many daytime clothes. The dress is sleeveless, pleated throughout and cinched at the waist by a wide leather belt. The jerkin effect is typical of Paterson’s shoulderline in his clothes this season. With the dress goes a looped collarless mohair coat (not shown), also in turquoise. Nicholas wears polo kit from Moss Bros.





“This is disaster, but sheer disaster . . . the three-card trick at a party like this . . . really I can’t look. What did I tell you, Freddie? The man’s an international shark . . . a what d’ye call it . . . a Mr. Big. Perhaps I should wire Emily—on the other hand one doesn’t want to admit defeat. But this must end. Penelope will never make a good alliance with Nicholas still in the picture. Poor poppet, she’s like clay in his hands. Perhaps he thinks she’s an heiress . . . all that newspaper talk. I shall tell him about grandfather’s will—and the entail. You’ll see his face change. Just look at him now, palming those cards . . . he’s unscrupulous, a criminal set of features if ever I saw one.”

“Once upon A Season...” continued

Honoria (above) wears an elegant dress by Ronald Paterson. For cocktail and restaurant dresses, London features subdued tones of black, brown and white. Chiffon, stiff organdie or crêpe are the popular materials and Paterson chose one of Liberty’s *art nouveau* printed chiffons in all shades of brown for his cocktail dress. The bodice is gently bloused and buttoned down the front, the lowered waistline is emphasized by an inset cummerbund finished with a bow. Topknot hat was designed by James, at Paterson. Pearl necklace, 5½ gns., and pearl ear-rings, 21s., from Paris House

Penelope (opposite) establishes youthful charm and a definite self-possession in a black cocktail dress by Mattli whose collection emphasized the importance of good taste and impeccable cut. Black was well represented but he included several spring-like shades of lilac and green. The skirts to his dresses were either dead-straight or, like Penelope’s, bell-shaped and swinging over a stiffened petticoat. The material is crisp organdie with Swiss embroidery. The rhinestone flower hairslide, 4 gns., and rough crystal and filigree necklace, 4½ gns., from Paris House, 41 South Molton Street, W.1





“Once upon A Season...” *concluded*

Honoria (above) wears a dress by Hardy Amies that underlines the notable come-back made by the long sheath evening dress in the London collections. A few had their own slim jackets. The three-quarter length one shown is superbly tailored by the designer in pale almond pink Ducharme satin to match the ankle-length skirt of the two-piece dress. The sleeveless top of the dress is in white satin faintly tinged with a pink that echoes the jacket lapels. Pearl necklace, 15 gns., and rhinestone and pearl tiara, 18½ gns., from Paris House. Freddie's diplomatic evening dress from Moss Bros.

Penelope (opposite) wears Stiebel's sheath dress for a débutante with a puff of fresh white organza giving fullness to the sides and back. Most of the long evening dresses in the London collections reach no farther than ankle-length and few are strapless. Penelope's has a young and fresh look achieved by a tightly moulded bodice of swathed apple-green silk taffeta which is also used to band the slim hipline. Bows are added for extra charm. A small stole of grey and green taffeta can be worn with the dress. The baguette rhinestone necklace, 4 gns., is from Paris House, South Molton Street.

Dear Aunt,

Nick and I have just discovered we are terribly in love so we are running away to get married. And it's so exciting, Nick has just told me we shall be rather rich as his father is a meat packing king in Chicago. (He never mentioned it before because he wanted you to love him for himself alone and anyway he knew we all had minds above money.) He was brought up by his mother who is English, and isn't it funny, he's really a sort of relation of Uncle Freddie's. Must rush now but thank you so much for looking after me and introducing me to all those young men.

Fondest love,
Penelope

P.S. You must both come and stay with us on Nick's ranch in Arizona one day. And Aunt, would you ask Uncle Freddie to be a sweetie and pull up the fire escape ladder when we've gone. Nick says there are so many dishonest people about these days and it might attract a burglar.



GIRLS!

life is no tea party—
better buckle on
a new code of armour

AN ADDRESS TO DEBUTANTES
BY PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE

HOWEVER MUCH IT JELLIFIES the foundations of the old school it's a fact, girls, that life is not quite as you were brought up to believe. The 17-year-old who trusts to the team spirit, a niftiness in making aspie jellies, "good" accessories and touches of white at the throat to pull her through the season, is just driving uphill with the brake on. Though it may be still comfortably and morally true that it is nicer (and often good business into the bargain) to be nice, in practical matters the code of the upper fifth is about as up-to-the-minute as lute or liripipe.

Take—or rather, instantly abandon—the team spirit. I could never acquire it and was assured that the consequence of my inability to whack, heave or hurl a ball about was certain social failure. But I am not *le type sportif* and where, I now ask myself, are all those invitations I'd have had if I'd prematurely muscle-bound myself becoming a whacker, heaver and hurler? What most women need is to play a very lone hand—against families, friends and colleagues and the wolves at the door. So I regard the team spirit as a downright handicap.

Then, those "good" accessories. You'll be sick of them before they ever wear out. I knew a girl who clumped around in genuine crocodile clogs when the rest of us had gone into spiky pumps acons before. Resist the sales pressure of the tepid pastels—"so suitable for the débutante." They can be worn only to advantage by the girl whose complexion has acquired the patina of experience and good cosmetics. For, though there are exceptions, the British teenage skin resembles ovenware more often than porcelain. Nor are those vistas of shoulder and bosom, like infinite sand-dunes in the fashion magazines, concomitants of Allure in a first season. Bulges are a bore; keep them covered until they turn into curves. As most British beauties don't become so until their twenties, restrain yourself, dear deb, to looking just pretty now. This is the only time in your life when you can wear a

five-guinea frock and a bit of nonsense on your head and look delicious, so cash in while you can—later on your clothes have got to be investments.

At worst you can be clean, tidy and charming—while learning like mad how to be a *chic*, fascinating *belle laide*, which is an accomplishment that will last, flourishing, into the era when the lovelies are being told that they have "beautiful bones" and daren't smile at the flashlights for fear of looking like antique mosaics.

Apropos apparel, there are only three furs that really do anything for a girl—apart from making her look lush, of course. If you want commissionaires to get you taxis without a tip, head waiters to steer you past that table abutting on the service door, and egg-faced sales girls to carry on without a sneer when you say "*Haven't you anything cheaper?*"—then start saving. There's no social armour equivalent to the pelts of little animals, two of which have such repellent ways that I don't feel at all squeamish about wearing them. (I'm not the chinchilla type anyway.)

Look after your feet and your face will look after itself. You don't want to get like the peke-faced ladies who totter down Park Lane, their toes bright little nubbles of agony burning through their strip sandals.

Learn your limitations: take the pint and a half of water and two aspirins before the hangover, and your knowledgeable godmother's advice before that weekend in Biarritz—not after. There are enough inevitable complications about the dullest of lives without adding to them.

And however much you love your mother or respect your headmistress, don't get bogged in the great underwear tradition—that only bulk will keep a girl warm and that the layers and woolliness thereof are directly related to moral fibre. Whenever I see a girl with a corrugated vest under an evening dress—and I do—or suspender pimples shadowing her cocktail sheath, and shoulder straps peeping round her collarbones, I know that she *always* hung her shoebag on the right peg in the cloakroom. I feel confident that she *never* let down the honour of the house by reading *The Rains Came* in the brown-paper cover of *The English Hymnal* during chapel. The consequences of wispy undergarments, girls, are neither pneumonia nor Sin.

If you lose your job, your luggage or your virtue, or have just broken your heart, go to the best restaurant within reach and have a first-class meal. A satisfied stomach is soothing to the emotions, improving to the appearance, and you won't meet anyone who can give you a job, a loan or the benefit of his protection in an umpteenth-rate chop-house. (At worst, it's better to become a dish washer in the classiest joint. You

Debs for tea

At a pre-season get-together held at Mrs. C. Shepley-Cuthbert's home in St. John's Wood: (on sofa, from left) Miss Juliet Astley-Cooper, Miss Sally Raphael, Miss Carole Samuel; (on chair) Miss Philippa Brand; (standing) Miss Virginia Cave, Miss Georgina Shepley-Cuthbert; (kneeling) Miss Margaret Duckett; Miss Angela Page, Miss Christine Crawford, Miss Carolyn Hunter.—Photographed by Philip Townsend

can recoup by writing a book about it.)

When you lose your train or your latchkey, don't hesitate between the spare room in some bachelor flat and your girl friend's armchair. The thing to remember is that she can lend you clean stockings and a change, instead of your having to cope with porters, taxi-drivers and even ticket-collectors in a décolleté ensemble and the wrong eyeshadow for daylight.

As for men that interest you (quite a lot of them won't, but don't think there's anything wrong with you—it's just that men grow up even less gracefully than women), try to put them in the category of fashion accessories—valuable for prestige purposes but no more. Don't cramp your natural, powerful style as a female by leaning on your headmistress's advice on self-control, your mama's on dignity, or the magazine authorities who yarn about Keeping a Man's Respect (the only kind of woman that a worthwhile man of your age respects is his mum, and you don't want to be *that* to him).

If he's for you, it helps if your papa is on the board of directors of his firm, but it's even more important that you can make him laugh and see to it that he has the sort of food he likes—and I haven't yet met the aspie-addict. (You don't even have to cook in these days of dinners by telephone.) Primitive, but as it should be; like all natural processes. And if you fall in love—don't worry. Read Bernard Shaw's *Man And Superman* while you're under the dryer and be quite sure that any woman can go right out and get any man she wants—if she really does want him, for his own dear self and for ever. Sorry if I seem to be getting sentimental but love can give you powers above face-packs, Dior dresses, a degree in physics, your own sports Bentley and a personal allowance of thousands a year. But—as the fashion writers say about adding that bit of peasant jewellery, the purple mascara, flower between the teeth or bow on the behind—be sure it's right for you.



concluded from page 280

MONDAY, 12 DECEMBER

Mrs. Mervyn Cunliffe-Fraser for Miss Valerie Cunliffe-Fraser, in London

THURSDAY, 15 DECEMBER

Lady (Donald) Anderson and Mrs. C. H. Kleinwort for Miss Lindsay Anderson and Miss Susanna Kleinwort, at Claridge's

THE COCKTAIL PARTIES

THURSDAY, 10 MARCH

Mrs. P. Lort-Phillips for Miss Bronwen Lort-Phillips

TUESDAY, 15 MARCH

Lady George Scott for Miss Charmian Scott, in London

FRIDAY, 18 MARCH

Mrs. Christopher Fuller for Miss Penelope Fuller

TUESDAY, 22 MARCH

Mrs. C. Shepley-Cuthbert for Miss Georgina Shepley-Cuthbert

THURSDAY, 24 MARCH

Mrs. M. Godwin-Williams for Miss Annette Godwin-Williams, at Eaton Place

MONDAY, 28 MARCH

The Countess of Albemarle for Miss Judith Keppel, at the House of Lords

WEDNESDAY, 6 APRIL

Lady Teviot and Lord Eliot for his daughter the Hon. Frances Eliot, in London

TUESDAY, 19 APRIL

Mrs. Jack Rashleigh Belcher, Mrs. John Hadden and Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson for Miss Sarah Rashleigh Belcher, Miss Melanie Hadden and Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson, at Albert Hall Mansions

WEDNESDAY, 20 APRIL

Mrs. Alan Phillpotts and Mrs. Guy Stanton for their daughters Miss Nancy Phillpotts and Miss Virginia Fass, at the Turf Club

Mrs. Douglas Harrison and Mrs. James Hay for Miss Jennifer Harrison and Miss Elizabeth Hay, in London

THURSDAY, 21 APRIL

Lady Tryon for the Hon. Patricia Tryon, at St. James's Palace

MONDAY, 25 APRIL

Mrs. Anthony Blake and Mrs. Nicholas Haworth-Booth (cocktail dance) for their daughters Miss Harriet Thynne and Miss Auriol Haworth-Booth, at 6 Hamilton Place

WEDNESDAY, 27 APRIL

The Hon. Mrs. Glover for Miss Ann Glover

Mrs. G. de Winton for her daughter Miss Davina Wallace, in London

Lady Windlesham for her daughter Miss Caroline Dinan, in London

THURSDAY, 28 APRIL

Mrs. J. Gibb for her twin daughters Miss Alison and Miss Jean Gibb

FRIDAY, 29 APRIL

Mrs. Gavin Ferguson for Miss Gavina Ferguson, in London

MONDAY, 2 MAY

Mrs. Mervyn Cunliffe-Fraser for Miss Valerie Cunliffe-Fraser, in London

WEDNESDAY, 4 MAY

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Cayzer for her cousin Miss Jane Stockley

THURSDAY, 5 MAY

Mrs. G. R. Mount for Mrs. James Ford's daughter Fiona, at Claridge's

MONDAY, 9 MAY

Mrs. H. W. Faure Walker and Mrs. Humphrey Eley (cocktail dance) for Miss Elizabeth Faure Walker and Miss Jane Eley, at 6 Belgrave Square

TUESDAY, 10 MAY

Mrs. Jack Herapath for Miss Carol Herapath, at 23 Knightsbridge

WEDNESDAY, 11 MAY

Mrs. Geoffrey Paine for Miss Sarah Paine, and for the coming-of-age of Mr. Michael Paine, at Morpeth Mansions

THURSDAY, 12 MAY

Mr. Reginald Paget, M.P., & Mrs. Paget for their adopted daughter Miss Alexandra Roberts, at the House of Commons

TUESDAY, 17 MAY

Col. & Mrs. R. J. Stephen for Mrs. Stephen's daughter Miss Caroline Rose, at the Cavalry Club

THURSDAY, 19 MAY

Brig. & Mrs. R. Gwynne Lawrence for Miss Annabel Lawrence

WEDNESDAY, 25 MAY

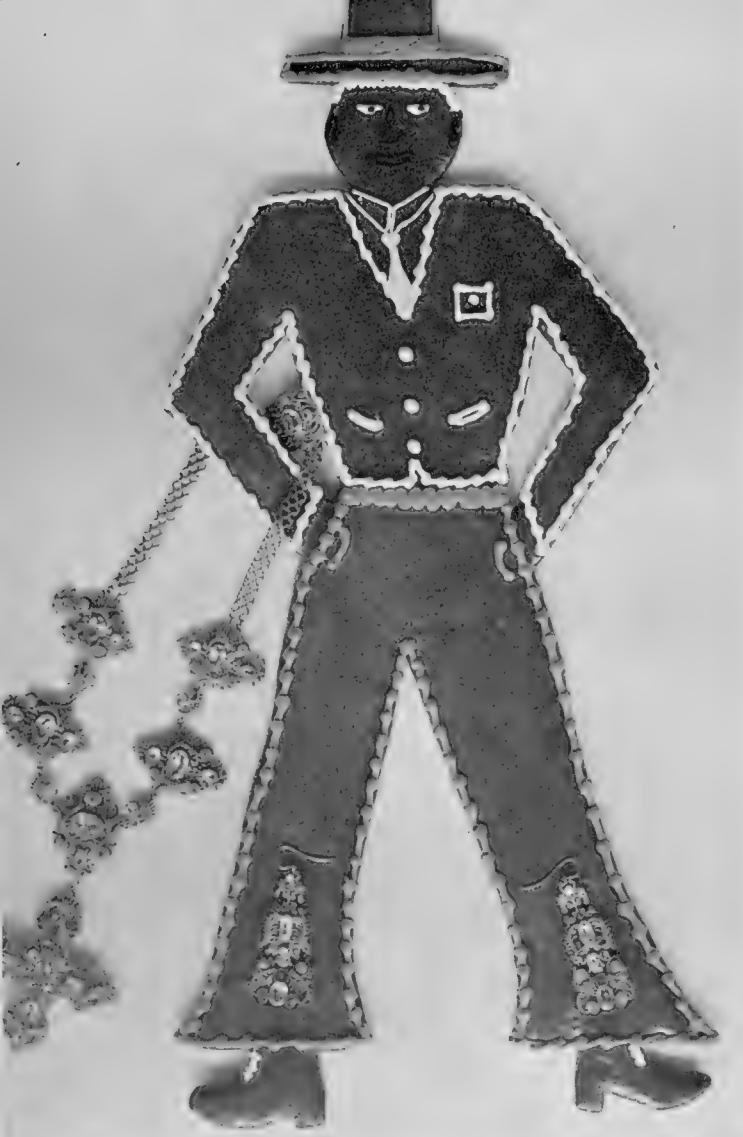
Mrs. M. Cave for Miss Virginia Cave, in London

THURSDAY, 16 JUNE

Mrs. Charles Knight and Lady Meyer for Miss Carolyn-Clare Meyer, at Herne Place, Sunningdale

FRIDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Francis Vallat (cocktail dance) for Miss Judith Vallat, at Hurlingham Club



The gingerbread comes from Floris Bakeries of Brewer Street, the gilding is both antique and modern—gold is being used more and more by today's jewellers and watchmakers. The necklace (*left*) dates from 1860 and is of pink and yellow topaz set in a frame of fragile gold. From it hangs a detachable pendant cross and impressive ear-rings complete the set. Price: £420 from Wartski, 138 Regent Street, W.1



Gilding the gingerbread girl: an 18-carat gold bracelet in woven mesh has a gold tassel swinging from a row of diamonds, a ruby leaf clasp: £285 from Kutchinsky. Crossed by a 9-carat gold mesh bracelet with detachable gold wire flower set with turquoises and sapphires (can be used for a brooch): £80 from Benson's. Swirling gold and ruby ring, with a diamond centre: £165 from Michael Gosschalk. Gold petals surround sapphires and diamonds in this Asprey ring, price: £158 10s. Baguette rubies circle rubies and diamonds on a gold ring: £185 from Kutchinsky. Chrysoprases on a George III gold ring: £62 10s. at Richard Ogden. A twisted gold mesh bracelet, set with rubies and diamonds: £305 from Garrards. Aquamarine and diamond brooch on gold: £285. Gold brooch, outlined with sapphires, rubies or diamonds: £217 10s., matching ear-rings: £110, all from Mappin & Webb, Regent Street

COUNTER SPY

Gilt on the gingerbread . . .

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



Array of timekeepers is headed (*centre, top*) by a watch set on a 9-carat gold linked bracelet: £21 10s. by Avia, at leading jewellers. *Left*: a 9-carat gold bracelet watch, set-square: by Longines, £88 17s. 6d., at Watches of Switzerland, Bond Street. *Right*: gold watch with a close-knit "brick" pattern bracelet: £33 by Avia, at leading jewellers. At the gingerbread man's feet (*centre*) an 18-carat gold fob watch (making a come-back these days), surrounded by emeralds and diamonds, hangs from a gold dolphin shape: £359 by Vacheron et Constantin. Below it the 18-carat gold wire mesh bracelet watch is diamond-studded: £450 by Audemars Piguet whose watches are all hand-finished. Both from

Watches of Switzerland, Bond Street. *Above left*: watch of the future is a marquise diamond shape, here set with rubies and diamonds. It has a bracelet of fine woven golden mesh: £325 from Michael Gosschalk. 9-carat gold watch and bracelet with plaited edges and faceted watch glass: £82 5s. by Movado. *Above right*: engine-turned 18-carat gold bracelet carries a gold spray watch cover set with rubies and diamonds (detachable to use as a brooch). A smooth clasp on the bracelet adjusts to wrist size. £495 by Cyma. 18-carat gold watch on a gold mesh strap: £211 by International. All from Watches of Switzerland, Bond Street

Design for The Day

Drawings by Duthy Dubrule

dramatize three
memorable bridal dresses
whose ideas seem a fair bet
to inspire more than a few
of this season's weddings



Jacques Heim designed a dress in keeping
with the magnificence of the setting
for the marriage of Princess Françoise of
Bourbon-Parma to Prince Edward

Lobkowicz at Notre Dame de Paris last month. Snow-white satin enhanced the
bodice cut in one with the 23-foot train. The veil of family lace
mounted on white tulle is secured by a magnificent diamond tiara



Owen Hyde-Clarke of Worth used white
pure silk and antique lace for the
regal dress worn by Aphra Farquhar
Fetherstonhaugh, bride of the Earl of
Dundonald (see pictures on page 285).
The lace on the low-cut, long-
sleeved bodice and on the train
belonged to the wife of the 12th Earl of
Dundonald. The diamond tiara
holding the tulle head-dress is
an heirloom of the bride's family

*Design for
The Day*

continued



Norman Hartnell designed an essentially young and fresh looking dress for Jill Benton Jones, bride last October of Mr. William McAlpine. The material is palest shell pink double satin, the short-sleeved bodice fits closely and the very full skirt, folded softly in front, spreads into a long train at the back. The three-quarter length veil of swirling tulle is faintly tinged with pink and held in place by a diadem of glittering stars



VERDICTS

The play. **THE WRONG SIDE OF THE PARK.** Cambridge Theatre. (Margaret Leighton, Richard Johnson, Charles Heslop, Robert Stephens, Joyce Carey, Wendy Craig.)

The films. **A TOUCH OF LARCENY.** Director Guy Hamilton. (James Mason, Vera Miles, George Sanders.)

THE FLESH & THE FIENDS. Director John Gilling. (Peter Cushing, June Laverick, Donald Pleasance.)

A WOMAN LIKE SATAN. Director Julian Duvivier. (Brigitte Bardot, Antonio Vilar, Espanita Cortez.)

NEVER SO FEW. Director John Sturges. (Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida, Peter Lawford.)

The books. **FRIDAY'S FOOTPRINT** by Nadine Gordimer (Gollancz, 16s.) **LIGHT BLUE, DARK BLUE** (Macdonald, 15s.) **DU BARRY** by Stanley Loomis (Cape, 28s.) **OUT OF THE RED, INTO THE BLUE** by Barbara Comyns (Heinemann, 18s.) **FROM CAESAR TO ARTHUR** by Geoffrey Ashe (Collins, 21s.)

The records. **SONNY STITT PLAYS**

ONLY THE BLUES by Sonny Stitt
PORTRAIT OF ART FARMER
BAGS' GROOVE by Miles Davis

always, potentially at any rate, a work of art.

Mr. Mortimer's theatrical work so far has been limited to short pieces originally designed for television or sound radio, but in **The Wrong Side Of The Park** at the Cambridge Theatre he attempts a full-length play, and though I am not convinced that he has yet got the feel of the sort of stage action that runs naturally to three acts I am sure that he has nevertheless given us an arresting piece of drama that rings true and that stirs an accomplished cast, led by Miss Margaret Leighton and directed by Mr. Peter Hall, to their very best.

Miss Leighton plays a lower middle-class wife at once ludicrous and pathetic, who finds life in a seedy Victorian house endlessly dull. Her second husband is a government clerk who brings his work home, her sister is nice but interested in nothing but her illegitimate baby and the local public house, the in-laws in the room off the hall are tiresome, and as she flits restlessly about, now putting the kettle on to boil, now turning on the wireless, now putting a record on the gramophone, we can well see why her not over-strong mind should have begun to play her tricks. She cannot help going back to a time when among the wartime aerodromes she was ecstatically in love with her first husband, a dashing airman who made all the decisions which in retrospect seem

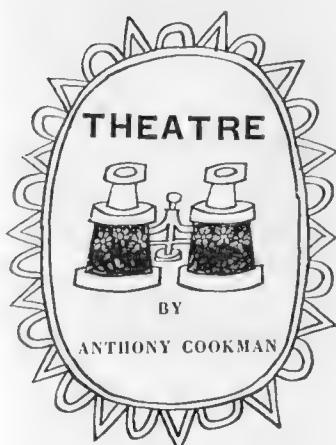
always to have led to delicious, infinitably laughable follies.

Her second husband never by any chance makes any such decisions. He is apparently incapable of making any decision that has not first to be filled in on a government form. Impulsively she takes in a lodger because his free and easy manners remind her of her first husband. Her present husband objects, but once he knows that the decision has been made he characteristically acquiesces, as she knew he would.

But what is behind her longing for something to break the pattern of her dull life? Is she seeking a return to a happiness that has

vanished or is she imagining a happiness that she never knew?

Mr. Mortimer's quality as a storyteller is shown in the skill with which through a succession of serious and extremely comic scenes he keeps us interested in a mind that is as silly as it is pathetic. I feel nevertheless that he tries to keep up the mystification a little too long. He seems hag-ridden by the fear that he has still a last act to fill, and as always happens when time is deliberately played for it turns out that when the last act arrives it has to carry a burden of explanation that should have been more evenly spread out. When we learn from the second husband the



The antidote for anger

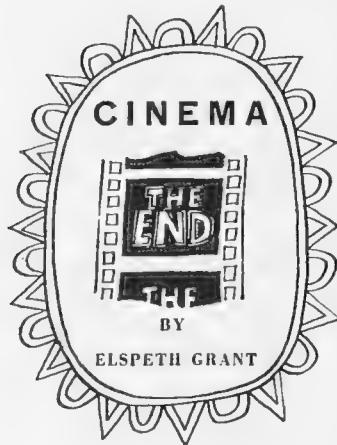
WHAT EXCITINGLY DISTINGUISHES Mr. John Mortimer from the other new dramatists who are trying to alter the conventional outlook of theatre audiences is a certain objectivity. It denotes, I think, a more mature approach to life. He is no less well aware than his rivals of the emotional muddles human beings get themselves into, but whereas they mostly stand inside the muddles they present, uttering angry, bewildered cries of protest that take a deal of interpreting, he prefers to view the muddle from the outside. Thus detached he is better able to keep its developments under control and to give us what is



THE TWO MEN in the life of frustrated Elaine Lee (Margaret Leighton). The dashing lodger (Robert Stephens) delights her with a trivial gift (left). But when his pretensions have been exposed, she retires (right) to the arms of her husband (Richard Johnson), in whom she finds unexpected virtues

truth about his wife's emotional muddle the statement seems too explicit. We should have preferred to hear from the wife's own lips how she came to wreck two marriages; and when she is brought in to accept the responsibility we feel that her return to sanity has been insufficiently dramatized.

Miss Margaret Leighton, flicking from tears to laughter and encompassing all that is ridiculous and movingly pathetic in the character, gives a superb performance. Mr. Richard Johnson is excellent as the husband who is only apparently unaware of everything that is happening around him. And I have never enjoyed Mr. Charles Heslop more than in his comic sketch of the father-in-law whose mind battles continuously with ideas in which he doesn't believe.



Scandal at the Admiralty

YEARS AND YEARS AGO, MR. JAMES Mason, a young actor endowed with looks, talent and sex-appeal, appeared in a number of desperately inferior British films which I felt, in all honesty, I could only review adversely. Mr. Mason wrote to me—but not the wounded letter one sometimes receives from young persons similarly fixed, pointing out

that everybody was trying his or her best, anyway. Mr. Mason's note ran: "Thank you for panning films like this, because if people like you don't pan them, people like me will have to go on appearing in them."

I fear that Mr. Mason, with whom I have kept up no lasting correspondence, may have felt much the same about some of the Hollywood pictures that have been his lot in the last few years—but I think we can mutually rejoice over Mr. Ivan Foxwell's polished, sophisticated comedy, *A Touch Of Larceny*, which brings him back to British films with his sex-appeal unimpaired, a ripened charm and an impudent sense of humour bubbling up as good as new. I, at least, am delighted that a British producer has given the dear chap a real break.

Mr. Mason plays an ex-submarine commander known, from his wartime exploits, as "Rammer" Easton—a one-time hero now sitting it out in the somnolent atmosphere of the Admiralty. Casual affairs fully occupy his spare time when he is not (and sometimes when he is) indulging his passion for sailing, and the thought of matrimony never crosses his mind—until he meets Miss Vera Miles, a trim, cool American widow. She is all set to marry a pompous ambassadorial type, Mr. George Sanders, but the intrepid "Rammer" is confident that he could break up that engagement if only he had enough money to keep her in the luxury to which she is clearly accustomed. He evolves an ingenious plan to raise it.

He and a Top Secret file disappear simultaneously from the Admiralty in circumstances, carefully arranged, which seem to indicate that the gallant officer has betrayed his country and gone over to the Russians. The idea is that he shall lie doggo on a remote Scottish island until the "scandal" has been made public; when he has been sufficiently vilified in all the newspapers, he will return in high dudgeon and sue them for vast sums. It's a delicious scheme—and,

by Neptune, it jolly nearly comes off. To find out why it doesn't, you will have to see this delightful film for yourself. It has been stylishly directed by Mr. Guy Hamilton—and is excellent entertainment.

I find *The Flesh & The Fiends* infinitely more horrifying than any of the other "X" Certificate films in which Mr. Peter Cushing has previously appeared—the "Frankensteins" and "Draculas" and what have you—for this one, despite some deplorably phoney sets, has a gruesome realism about it. It tells, in fact, the story of the notorious "resurrectionists," Burke and Hare, who supplied the medical profession in Edinburgh in the 1820s with bodies for dissection.

The business of digging up freshly buried bodies from the graveyard is hard work, and it occurs to Hare (atrociously well played by Mr. Donald Pleasance) that he and his confederate (Mr. George Rose) could make an easier and quicker profit by turning their hands to murder. The specimens with which they thenceforth supply Dr. Robert Knox (the distinguished Mr. Cushing) are, so to speak, home-killed. The doctor, solely concerned with the advancement of medical science, asks no questions—but eventually other people do and the monsters are brought to trial.

Hare turns King's evidence and escapes hanging but suffers hideously when thrown to the incensed mob waiting for him outside the prison. Admirably scripted and acted, the film is so effective that it is liable to give you nightmares—even if you're not normally subject to them.

Mlle. Brigitte Bardot waggles her dapper posterior to great effect in *A Woman Like Satan*—enough, anyway, to drive a Spanish grandee mad with love for her. Once the unfortunate gentleman (dignified Senor Antonio Vilar) has been publicly disgraced and rendered socially unacceptable, the dear girl takes him to her devious little heart—and, unless I misconstrued an innocent gesture, her bedroom.



JAMES MASON RETURNS as a bored philandering ex-submarine commander (above), in *A Touch Of Larceny*. Centre: The new girl in his sight (Vera Miles), whose affections he seeks to detach from (top) her pompous diplomatist fiancé (George Sanders).

LANCÔME

SCULPTURALE—SERUM NECK CREAM
REJUVENATES THE WHOLE APPEARANCE OF YOUR NECK.

TOPAZE—MOISTURISING LOTION
YOUR NECK WILL REACT LIKE A WATERSTARVED PLANT TO SPRING RAIN.

EMPREINTE DE BEAUTE—BEAUTY MASK
WHITENS — TIGHTENS AND SMOOTHES NECK WRINKLES.

GALATEIS SOAP—WITH SPECIAL INGREDIENTS FOR NECK BEAUTY.

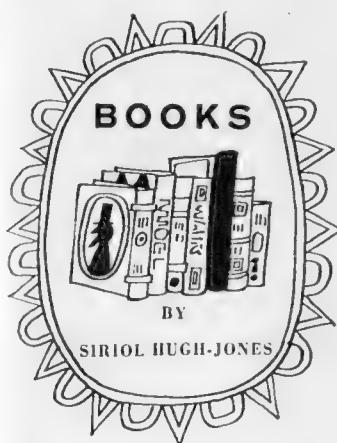
YOUR SPECIAL NECK TREATMENT



Dubbed dialogue gives the film a wooden air—though Mlle. Bardot remains as flexible as an electric eel.

Mr. Frank Sinatra is the dubious hero of *Never So Few* (idiotic title): he plays an American captain fighting the Japanese in North Burma. In his time off, he falls in love with Signorina Gina Lollobrigida: what she's doing there, I couldn't say—but she has never looked so out of place before. Against orders, the captain takes his troops into China to capture Chinese bandits. His British chum (Mr. Richard Johnson) is killed, so he orders the prisoners shot (also strictly against orders) because—according to the hand-out—"he believes he must do so or his whole world will fall apart."

I do hope nobody as neurotic as this has anything to do with nuclear weapons, or our whole world is liable to fall apart. The fact that the captain is congratulated on his action makes the whole thing most alarming—and distasteful.



Good—but she can do better

NADINE GORDIMER'S LAST NOVEL proved her an excellent, highly intelligent writer with something of enormous importance to write about. She is South African, and of all people has surely something to tell us which we ought to hear. (It is not a reviewer's business to choose a writer's themes, but in the case of Miss Gordimer it seems such a crying waste for her to spend time and talent on anything but the issues she knows at first-hand.)

Therefore I found her new book of short stories, *Friday's Footprint*, a disappointment. Many of them could have happened anywhere, many seemed to me curiously glib, predictable, written in a style that had for me an odd, brassy flavour. They also aroused a possibly unreasonable irritability—a cross sort of feeling that writing about people who are thoroughly miserable is not always, and not necessarily, a

virtue in itself, though it is unfashionable to say so. From anyone else one would probably reckon the stories to be perfectly good of their kind. At the risk of sounding like the most maddening kind of end-of-term report, I bet Miss Gordimer will do better than this.

American reviews of Stanley Loomis's biography, *Du Barry*, say things like "it is written with grace and wit and genuine dramatic power." Well now: writing of Madame du Barry's mother, the author says "there is every evidence that the baby's mother supplemented the meagre income which she earned as a seamstress by an occasional sale on the side of certain riches with which Nature had conspicuously provided her." He also refers to the du Barry's bed as "the voluptuous edifice." What with this sort of style and the kindly, easygoing lady's £1,000 dresses and diamonds and little boxes of rouge and powder, the book sent me off into a sort of dazed coma. Could it be that she was too frail and amiable a person to stand a big biography all to herself—especially at a price which seems tough in spite of all Cape's customary extreme elegance of production and illustration?

Light Blue, Dark Blue is an anthology from Oxford and Cambridge, collected from those who are up at present or who have recently graduated. Since it seems more than ever important just now to find out even approximately what the young are thinking—which is something it's not always easy to track down—this book shouldn't be missed, though not all the contributions were worth printing. The best seem to me to be a long, reflective and highly informative essay called "The Korean Generation," by a young American called Jonathan Steinberg, written in answer to a Cambridge questionnaire.

Since this seems to be my week for being a glum spectre at the feast, hopping disconsolately about and wailing "Could do better," I must say that Geoffrey Ashe's *From Caesar to Arthur* didn't seem to me a patch on this writer's fascinating *King Arthur's Avalon*. Arthur is one of my private obsessions, and I innocently hoped that this book (nicely described as "a footnote to Merlin") was going to explain to me who in fact he was. Maybe it does too, but the effort of reading it is colossal (why? *Avalon* was a delight) and I lost the thread too often to stumble my way out. Still, I am probably feeble-witted in February, and Arthurian enthusiasts—is anyone really not?—should try it for themselves.

Lastly, there's a book I liked very much, called *Out of the Red, Into the Blue*. The author is Barbara Comyns, who last year

wrote the extraordinary and profoundly disturbing *The Vet's Daughter*. This new book is about how she and her family struggled, with little money, unemployment, and moving, from London to a Spanish island called Ciriaco. A great deal of the weirdly compelling, oppressive and oddly naïve quality of *The Vet's Daughter* is here too—the sort of feeling of unease and mystery you get before a thunderstorm.

Mrs. Comyns writes with a candour, an apparent innocence and a kind of lugubrious relish that are disarming, and the whole book has a very rum climate all its own. One can all too easily imagine it written with a sprightly be-funny-or-bust determination, a glossy irony. Mrs. Comyns, on the other hand, is frequently confused, sad, despondent and not at all eager to pat herself on the back in a witty manner. It doesn't pretend to be a masterpiece, but it certainly has a strange flavour to which one could quite well become addicted.



Soliloquy by Sonny

NOT ONLY THE TECHNIQUE, BUT also the reputation, of Charlie Parker seems to have been inherited by Sonny Stitt. Musicians (who are not always dependable critics) say that Stitt, who is an alto-saxophonist, would have happened anyway, whether there had been a Parker or not. On hearing some of the fast excerpts from his *Vogue* album (LAE12196) I would have categorized him as a near copy, but on the slower pieces he tends to use less notes, and the shape of his improvisation is not quite so extended. Hank Jones's piano is prominent in the accompanying rhythm section, which also has tasteful work by Freddie Greene and drummer "Shadow" Wilson. Playing Jimmy Giuffre's West Coast arrangements (7EG8532) he sounds less like Parker, although the same strident aggression intrudes at times.

But the best of Mr. Stitt is heard, with Roy Eldridge's insistent trumpet, on *Only the blues* released last year by H.M.V. (CLP1280). It catches Oscar Peterson and Ray Brown in exceptional form, and the horn players leap into the spirit of the fast opening blues, "The string," with all the energy of the old jam session days, except that the music is so much more coherent. I wish this pair had hit the same heights during their Granz-sponsored tour of England in 1958.

I am baffled by a curious reversal which has taken place in instrumental styles in the past few years. For years all the saxophonists strove to achieve that curiously sensuous, breathy sound, in emulation of Hawkins and Webster. Today, though it is considered almost old-fashioned to do this, a new generation of trumpeters is attempting to put back that same breathy tone into their work. One of the leading exponents of this distinctive school is Art Farmer, whose *Portrait* (LAC12197) provides much food for thought. A rhythm section led by the inevitable Hank Jones feeds Art with all the chords, some probing drumbeats are tossed into the openings by Roy Haynes, and twin brother Addison Farmer on bass proves that jazz runs strongly in the family.

This is rather soulful jazz, perhaps not everyone's cup of tea, but with the best of the modern influence swinging right through the session. Farmer throws in a tip for the learner, which is worth reprinting here, before it is lost to posterity: "I play the melody straight until I get a little tired of it that way, and then I bust out." Too many aspiring musicians don't even take the trouble to learn the tune before they bust out, and that is sure to land them in a mess!

The dean of the contemporary trumpet school is unquestionably Miles Davis. His *Bags' groove* (32-090), although largely comprised of reissued tracks, is too important to pass over without comment. 1954 found him working with his own group, known as the Modern Jazz Giants. Thelonious Monk is the pianist on the two similar takes of "Bags' groove," the title piece; it appears that Miles told Monk to stop playing while he soloed, which wasn't received too well, but they managed to get through the session without Monk walking out!

On the backing Horace Silver is the pianist, a much more agile worker than Thelonious, whilst Sonny Rollins' tenor replaces Jackson's vibraphone from the first side. The whole record is a splendid outing for the ever-fresh trumpeter, who plays circles round everyone but bassist Heath and drummer Clarke.

Sanderson executives fly, between them, a hundred thousand miles or more a year. The purpose of these trips is to keep in the closest touch with markets overseas, and to maintain personal contact with the firm's many friends abroad. And wherever they go, they look for new trends in styling and colour to keep the Sanderson range in tune with contemporary thinking.



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A CENTURY OF

The new Sanderson building in Berners Street, for which Slater & Uren, FF.R.I.B.A. were the architects, is more than just a handsome addition to London's townscape — it houses a permanent and ever-changing exhibition of ideas in decoration. In the entrance hall is a large stained glass panel designed by John Piper and executed by Patrick Reyntiens. The monolithic stone fountain and the water way in the garden, together with the mosaics, are the works of Jupp Dernbach. Beverley Pick Associates were responsible for the showroom displays and decoration. Contractors : Holloway Bros. (London) Ltd.



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BEAUTY

Gifts for a bride

by JEAN CLELAND

WEDDING GIFTS PRESENT NO PROBLEM today. Usually relatives and friends are given a list with a wide range of present ideas. Matching this modern custom, I present this week some suggestions for the bride's personal beauty list.

From Elizabeth Arden comes a travel set in pale pink plastic with a *Blue Grass* horse design. A square sponge bag with a wet pack and zip fastener costs 32s. 6d., a holder for a flat box of tissues: 25s. 8d., a pair of towelling mules: 15s. 6d., and a purse to hold lipstick and cosmetics: 7s. 6d.

Also from Arden's, a pink satin "housewife" fitted with needles and other equipment for running repairs: 25s. Pink and blue mob caps, edged with lace, for wearing at night to cover hairpins: 17s. 6d., and a thistledown-soft Shetland wool lace-patterned bed jacket, lined with pink chiffon, costs 6 gns.

Heart-shaped satin and lace perfumed sachets to scent lingerie, cost 21s. from Marshall & Snelgrove, London. A small white evening purse-shaped handbag, with an inner matching cosmetic purse on a gilt frame: 37s. 6d. An unusual mother-of-pearl perfume spray works like a lighter and costs 49s. 6d. Nightdress cases in quilted satin: 5 gns.; lingerie cases: 3 gns., handkerchief cases: £2 10s. (also in quilted satin). These can be made to order in other colours. Something original for the bathroom: a tissue box, mirrored all over, stands on a shelf or hangs on the wall: 3 gns. All at Marshall & Snelgrove.

Dickins & Jones have a bridal-looking bottle of Dior scent, presented in a pink box lined with satin: £13 17s. 6d. Also a Dior compact, gilt, engine-turned, with a jewelled clasp: 5 gns. A brand new Morton beauty case in Arctic white is lined with red, black lined with orchid, or blue and white check lined with blue. With a complete set of gilt fittings, a large mirror, plenty of pockets, and a padded silk cover for the protection of lingerie, it costs around 18 guineas.

From Helena Rubinstein: a gilt and jewelled *Minute Make-up* case with matching lipstick, in a presentation case: £2 7s. 6d. A non-spill *Perfumette* is ideal for travelling, with *White Magnolia* scent: 26s. 6d., *Apple Blossom*: 25s. 6d. A new travelling handbag-case, rather like a hold-all, is fitted with lipstick, *Silk Minute Make-up*, *Perfection Cream*, *Deep Cleanser* and paper tissues: 5 gns.

For use on the journey, a special gilt perfume pencil: 12s. 11d., or in a floral design: 14s. 11d. Push the ball point on the skin and the perfume is released. Only at Fenwick's, New Bond Street.

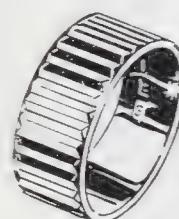


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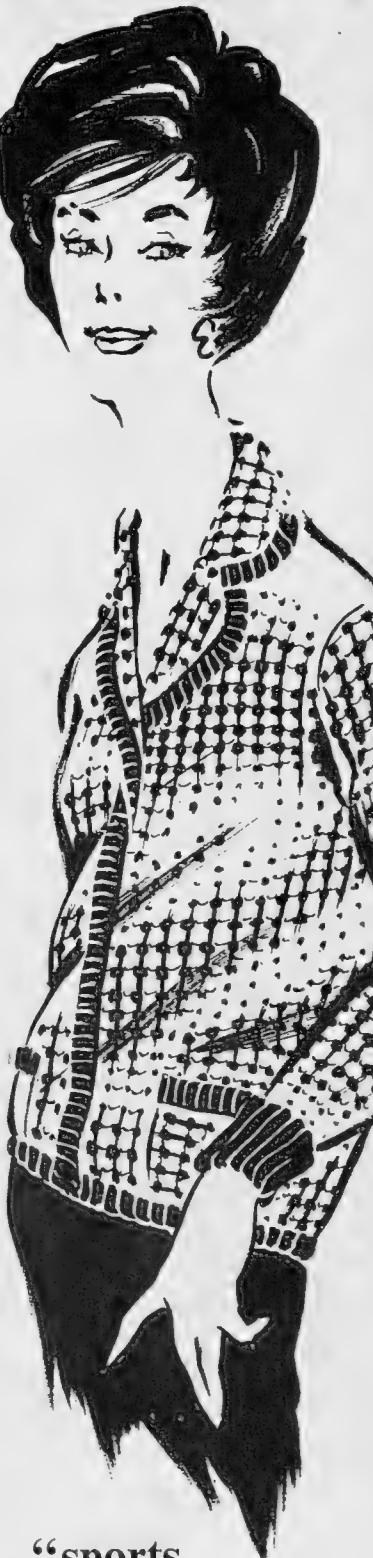


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Monte winner

by GORDON WILKINS

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FIFTH PRIZES and the team prize. In all its long history the Monte Carlo Rally has never seen such a crushing victory as that scored by Mercedes-Benz this year. As always when they enter an event or give their support to private owners, the preparation was nearly perfect.

For months works engineers, mechanics and tyre experts were shuttling between Stuttgart and the final test circuit in the Alpes Maritimes to make sure that the ears were exactly right for the conditions, and the crews spent eight days on the circuit learning every twist and turn, so that in the event the navigators had no navigating to do; their sole concern was to watch the chronometers and bring their drivers through the many time controls at the exact second required.

The preparatory stages took a heavy toll. Two German crews were reported to have been involved in crashes in which three were killed. Motoring at racing speeds on ice-bound roads can never be completely free of risk.

During the rally, mechanics were

stationed in garages at strategic points and depots were set up with stocks of wheels and tyres to suit any conditions. Probably the only error of any consequence made by the winning crews was to change to knobbly snow tyres at Chambery, instead of to ice tyres with spikes. This lost them some marks on the last 300 miles but they knew that these penalties could easily be cancelled out by seconds saved on the final mountain test. Here again they decided not to use spikes and this time they were right.

It was a triumph of organization, but it could not have succeeded without the extraordinary qualities of the cars themselves. Driving these new Mercedes fast over the kind of mountain road used in the Monte Carlo Rally is a revelation of what can be done when racing experience is applied to touring car design. Other drivers following them in the rally were staggered at the speeds they maintained on ice, snow and loose gravel.

Having driven them, it is no surprise at all. I do not know any other saloon which has such fantastic road-holding or such accurate shock-free steering, and there are few sports cars which can approach it.

These cars do not have disc brakes, they have aluminium drums with turbo fins, and special linings obtained from America, bonded

with adhesives invented in Britain. Being an enthusiast for discs, and remembering the mediocre performance of some earlier Mercedes brakes, I was sceptical, but after 12 consecutive stops from 60 m.p.h., without any sign of fade and no noticeable increase in pedal travel, I had to admit their performance was convincing. The rally has provided further evidence.

Daimler-Benz now have a special department to study safety. The steering wheel of the 220 series has a padded centre to protect the driver's chest. There is a cushioned frame right round the instrument panel, the door handles are recessed, window winders and visors are padded and the ventilating panes are controlled by rounded semi-flexible knobs.

Seating is deep and luxurious, with adjustable backrests available at extra cost. Between the front seats is a big tray for cigarettes, cameras, gloves or maps, in addition to the usual lockable glove box and deep door pockets. An auxiliary cushion can be fitted into the tray to convert the front seats into a bench for short distance runs. The trunk is excellent, taking half as much luggage again as that on the previous 220 and the hinge arms for the lid glide in separate channels where they cannot touch the suitcases.

There are three versions of the



car, all with the same four-door body and six-cylinder 2,195-c.c. engine.

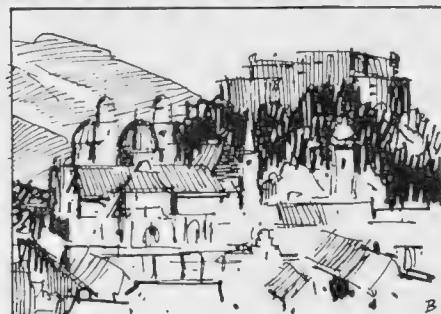
The 220 has a twin carburettor engine giving 105 horsepower; servo assistance for the brakes is an extra and maximum speed is about 96 m.p.h. With duty and purchase tax, the price is £2,249 7s. 6d. The 220 S has more luxurious equipment, more bright work, twin-choke carburettors raising the output to 124 h.p. to give a maximum of about 102 m.p.h., and costs £2,393 17s. Finally there is the 220 SE as used on the Monte Carlo Rally, with fuel injection engine which raises the power to 134 h.p., sufficient for about 105 m.p.h. It is also a good deal more flexible, with a smooth response at low speeds which reduces the need for gear changing. The price: £2,794 17s.

An optional extra fitting is an elaborate automatic clutch cushioned by a fluid coupling. Automatic clutches did not catch on in this country but Daimler-Benz tell me that they are ordered by 20 per cent of all people buying Mercedes-Benz saloon cars.

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Dining in

by HELEN BURKE

ONCE UPON A TIME, LEEKS WERE grown in this country to such an extent that gardens were known as *leac-tuns* and gardeners were called *leac-wards*. Now, alas! few gardens (according to my authority) grow them because their "handsomely-flagged foliage" takes up too much space. I wonder? The more likely answer is that leeks are gritty vegetables that take a lot of cleaning.

I knew an old man who grew hundreds of leeks in his garden every year and each was protected from gritty earth by a casing of special waterproof paper. They were wonderful leeks—no difficulty about cleaning *them*. But no grower for the market could afford to go to all that trouble.

No chef worthy of the name would be without leeks in his kitchen. I know one who uses a leek as the "container" for his *bouquet garni*. He trims the leek, cuts it lengthwise, almost through to the root end, spreads it out and washes it thoroughly under running cold water. In the leek, he sandwiches a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, a clove of garlic, several bruised parsley stalks and any other herb he wants to include. Then, starting at one end, he winds thread up and around the full length of the leek, enclosing the bouquet, then all the way back again, tying the two ends where they meet. This is a wonderful *bouquet garni*, very easy to remove at the end of cooking.

When they are available, I use leeks every week for two soups which have already appeared in these notes—the white part only for leek-potato soup and the lighter of the green for a mixed vegetable one. The latter, when cooked, is reduced to a purée in a liquidizer in a matter of moments. Digressing, I would like to say that I think the electric liquidizer is the most useful powered appliance in any kitchen. Mine is continuously in use, not only for soups but also for extracting fruit juices, making breadcrumbs, pulsing liver for *pâtés* and even for grinding coffee beans, though it was never intended for that.

I do not wash leeks until I need them, but put them in a plastic bag and store them in the vegetable drawer of my refrigerator until they

are required, which is sometimes several days later.

Some years ago, I was given an excellent leek and tripe dish by an Italian, at that time one of London's leading chefs. He had brought the original recipe with him from Rome. For 4 to 5 persons, melt 2 oz. butter in a saucepan. Add 2 chopped onions, a small head of celery cut into slices and the white parts of 6 well-washed small leeks, cut into 1-inch rounds, and cook them until pale gold. Add 2 lb. dressed tripe, both honeycomb and plain, cut into suitable strips, and cook for a further 10 minutes.

Meanwhile, peel and halve 5 to 6 tomatoes, push out the seeds with the thumb, chop the remaining flesh and add to the other ingredients together with a claret glass of dry white wine. Bring to the boil. Taste and add a pinch of grated nutmeg and freshly milled pepper and salt to your liking. Cover and simmer for an hour. Turn the mixture into a shallow oven-dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in a hot oven or under the grill.

The white parts of slender leeks can also be used in veal olives. For 3 to 4 servings, start with 6 to 8 very thin smallish slices of veal. Beat them out until they are thinner still. Lay them on the table and sprinkle a little pepper on them. On top of each, place half a rasher of streaky bacon with a few grains of grated nutmeg on it, then a piece of leek, freed of grit, of the same length. Roll up and tie with thread. Gently fry the rounds in a little butter in a deep saucepan until they become a warm tone. Remove. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar into the pan and brown it, then add a tablespoon of flour and brown it a little, too. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ pint stock or boiling water and stir while it comes to the boil again. Simmer for a few minutes. Taste and season. Return the veal rolls to the pan, cover and simmer for 2 hours. Better still, place the rolls in a casserole, cover with the sauce, put on the lid and finish cooking in the oven at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4. With these veal olives, serve mashed potatoes whipped with a nice lump of butter and some of their own cooking water.

If, by now, you are a little tired of cabbage, boiled or otherwise, why not make a red cabbage and apple salad, one of the most delicious winter ones? Cut the cabbage into short very slender strips, or use a grater with a shredder on it. Add about one-third of the bulk in tart apples, also cut into strips, and—if you like—a little finely chopped onion (the green from sprouted onions is excellent). Another addition could be a little chopped green sweet pepper. Dress with mayonnaise, diluted to a cream-like consistency.



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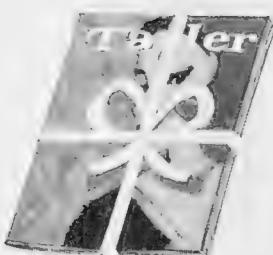
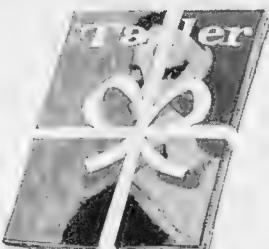
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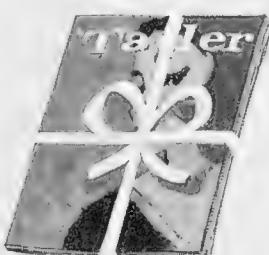
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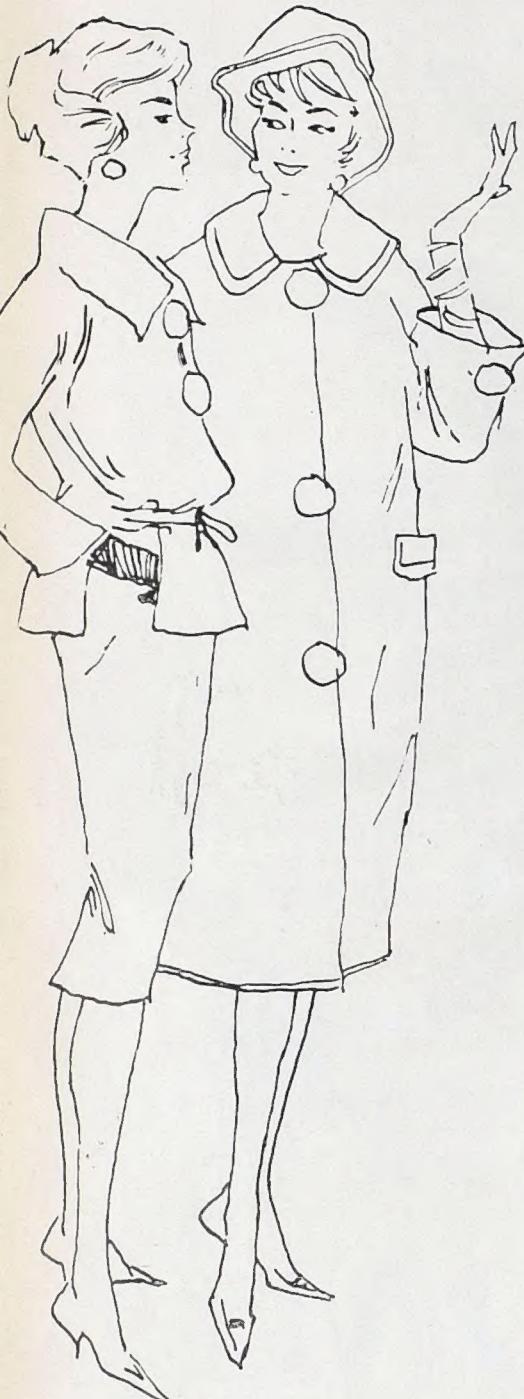


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